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MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED WOMEN.

EDITED BY

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "DE L'ORME," "LIFE OF THE BLACK PRINCE," &C.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1839.

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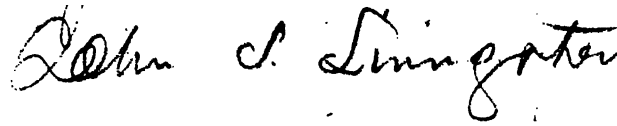

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In editing a Work of the kind now submitted to the Public, no remarks would have been necessary in former days on the part of the Editor. His functions were understood too well, and the limits of his duties too well defined, to need any explanation. In the present times the matter is different; and it is necessary for an Editor to state what share he has really had in the work he edits, lest any false impression should be adopted by the Public.

The Work which follows was written some years ago by a Lady, a near relation of the Editor, and a person of very high talents and information. Her absence from England, and the difficulty of transmitting proofs to her for correction, have induced her to intrust the revision of the work, as it passes

through the press, to her Nephew; who, having obtained some degree of reputation in the literary world, is bound, for his own sake, to give as much attention as possible to any thing he undertakes to edit. With the language alone, then, the Editor has had to deal, and that only in a certain degree: with the statements of facts and of opinions, he has nothing to do; though he doubts not that those facts are accurate, and those opinions well formed.

G. P. R. JAMES.

Marlow,
26th April, 1837.

MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED WOMEN.

JOAN OF ARC.

That a female warrior, even inspired by enthusiastic love for her country, should perform deeds, of which the most celebrated generals of the age might have been proud, appears more like the fiction of the poet than a transaction in real life; yet such was the case with Joan of Arc. But, before we proceed to give a circumstantial detail of a life so extraordinary, we must briefly notice the period of history at which she appeared.

Joan of Arc was born in the reign of Charles the Sixth, a most unhappy period for both the monarch and the kingdom. France was at that time in deplorable circumstances, from civil wars and foreign enemies; and the whole realm appeared one vast theatre of crimes of the most atrocious nature. As each faction triumphed, the reign of anarchy began afresh; and it appeared that the French people, by giving way to the diabolical frenzy which possessed them, had changed their very nature into that of savage beasts. The detail of the enormities of that sad period is too dreadful; suffice it to say, that in Paris, at the gates of the city, and in the court-yard of the

palace, the mob, we are told on good authority, stood "up to their ankles in human blood!"

As time advanced, various changes took place amongst these inhuman factions, and also in the contentions between England and France, which had been equally disastrous. The contending monarchs, namely, Charles the Sixth and Henry the Fifth, concluded the treaty of Troyes, the most disgraceful that ever France submitted to. Henry married the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles; the two kingdoms of France and England were united, and Henry was declared Regent of the former during the incapacity of his father-in-law.

This treaty was, of course, completely invalid, and, to the parties concerned, disgraceful—Charles, from his derangement, being reduced to a state of mental imbecility, and incapable of conveying the crown to any one, even had he possessed a right to dispose of it without the consent of his people and his son.

As soon as the Dauphin heard that his inheritance was to be unjustly wrested from him, he declared loudly and indignantly his determination to depend for the maintenance of his rights on God and his sword. He lost, indeed, at this critical moment, some friends by removal and death, which greatly weakened his party. To balance this, in some degree, the Regent of Scotland sent him seven thousand men, under the Earl of Buchan; and these troops, with some which he had received from Castile, made his army amount to twenty thousand men, the chief command of which was given to the Earl of Buchan, as constable of France.

In this time of adversity, many, believing the af-

fairs of the young prince desperate, forsook him; but, with the army he had collected, he obtained possession of La Charité, and opened the passage of the Loire. To oppose the Dauphin, Henry V. of England and the Duke of Burgundy had agreed to form a junction, and by one decisive engagement to terminate the war, with which view the English monarch left Paris, full of the hope of accomplishing this unjust design; but a malady, with which he was seized at Senlis, put an end to his life and his ambition, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

And Charles VI. of France only survived his son-in-law fifty-one days.

Charles the Dauphin was at the castle of Espally, near Puy en Valley, when the news of his father's death reached him. His grief, we are told, was deep and sincere, and it required all the exertions of his few faithful adherents to rouse him from his melancholy. Whatever feelings kept him in inactivity at length gave way; and, preparing to meet the many dangers by which he was encompassed, he laid aside his mourning habit, assumed that of his rank, and was hailed by his just and lawful title. At Poictiers his coronation took place, in the presence of the principal nobles of his party, and his legitimate reign began as Charles VII.

The Duke of Bedford, as Regent of the kingdom, had, in the mean time, exacted an oath of allegiance to the young King of England from the inhabitants of the metropolis, and a great part of the country submitted willingly to the English rule. Every cir-

cumstance seemed to combine against the unfortunate Dauphin. The affairs of the infant Henry were conducted by men who possessed integrity, ability, and great experience, seconded by the most renowned generals of the age, with the whole wealth and power of England at their command. The Dauphin, on the contrary, had only the *title* of King of France, which country might be said to be entirely under the control of the English. Every effort he made to retrieve his affairs seemed only to render them more desperate; and, at first, he experienced so many reverses, that the English believed themselves on the verge of totally dispossessing him.

The battle of Verneuil seemed to give the last blow to the fortunes of this unhappy prince. He found himself without an army, without money, and in such a state of destitution, that he had scarcely the means of supplying the most scanty table, while no more succour could be hoped from his subjects, long since reduced to extreme misery, slavery, and want. Happily for France, the divisions which happened at this time between the English and Burgundians gave Charles time to breathe, and prevented his irretrievable ruin, it being four years before the Duke of Bedford was able again to re-commence his enterprises for the complete subjection of France.

At length the struggle was renewed, and the English resolved to force the passage of the Loire, in order to secure the conquest of the southern provinces, which had all declared for Charles VII. except Guienne; the country situated to the north of the Loire having, either from inclination or force, joined the English and Burgundian party. That party, again showing its power in the field, conti-

nued to subdue towns, castles, and fortresses; till, in the month of October, Lord Salisbury, with ten thousand men, sat down before Orleans, a city, from its importance, considered as bearing in its fate the crown of Charles.

The garrison, though composed of officers of great skill and courage, was very deficient in number. Gaucourt, the governor, was a man of bravery and experience; and a number of the nobility, eager to assist their monarch in person, had thrown themselves into the place. Lord Salisbury having been killed, Suffolk succeeded him in the command, assisted by some of the best captains of the age; but during this time Charles was employed in assembling troops; and a convoy, destined for the relief of Orleans, entered the city with five or six hundred lances, which gave fresh courage to the garrison. The siege, however, proceeded with vigour, and a scarcity of provisions began to be felt, which Charles despaired of relieving, so that he resolved to retire into Languedoc with the remnant of his army. But from this he was dissuaded by his consort, Mary of Anjou, a princess of great merit and consummate prudence.

A strong re-enforcement was hourly expected from Scotland; but, while the king was waiting with great impatience for the arrival of that succour, and the eyes of all Europe were turned towards a scene of action so interesting, where a great people were making their last stand for maintaining the independence of their country and the rights of their legitimate sovereign—while the city was so closely pressed by the English that the place was almost given up by Charles as lost, and all France trembled for the re-

sult of each military movement, the face of affairs was completely changed by the appearance of the Maid of Orleans.

Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, was born at Domremy, on the banks of the Meuse, in the year 1412. The hamlet, which has since, from having given birth to the deliverer of France, acquired the name of Domremy-la-Pucelle, lies in the parish of Creux and diocess of Toul, and is not far distant from the town of Vaucouleurs; although situated on the extreme frontier of the kingdom, as it was limited at that time, it belonged to France, and the inhabitants continued loyal, though many neighbouring villages favoured the English cause. Joan in this manner early imbibed a detestation of that nation whom she considered as the cruel oppressor of her country; and, as she grew up, the scenes of war and bloodshed that she saw around her daily increased the abhorrence she had been taught to nourish.

She was the daughter of an honest and industrious pair, who were able to rear a family of five children by their labour. According to some historians, Joan spent the first years of her life in tending cattle and other rustic avocations, while others inform us that she filled the humble station of servant at an inn, and had been accustomed to take the horses of the guests to the watering place, and to perform other offices which commonly fall to the share of men. However that may be, she seems to have had leisure at intervals for country recreations, and also for solitary thought. She is said to have amused herself with her companions in running races, skirmishing with false lances, imitating all the military manœu-

vres of the day, and riding the horses she took to graze with as much courage and grace as the best cavaliers.

Joan was in person of the middle size, strong and well-made, with an open countenance, fine features, rather majestic than delicate, and black hair. If we may believe those who have laboured to add to the general renown she has acquired, by searching into minute particulars of her life, her character was virtuous and heroic, possessing that truth and sensibility that rarely fail to accompany true genius. Her manners were mild and gentle when unarmed, though fierce and courageous in the field.

All the learning of Joan of Arc consisted of the first forms of religion, taught her by the priest—the angelic salutation, the symbol of the apostles, and the Pater Noster. But, though unlettered, her bosom was the abode of many virtues—innocence, candour, generosity, and piety, touched undoubtedly by strong enthusiasm, but in an age when such enthusiasm was amongst the noblest of virtues.

Joan of Arc was not thirteen years old when Charles the Sixth died; yet the tale of the distress of her king and the overwhelming miseries of her country had been daily poured into her ear. Her youthful and vivid feelings were strongly excited by details but too faithful of the woes of France and the unhappy state of its monarch; and the subject which engrossed all, from the palace to the cottage, filled the heart of Joan of Arc, which was naturally formed for elevated and generous sensations, with the deepest emotions of sorrow. Her constant contemplation on this momentous theme, and the remote situation of her native place, which contained no object

of such powerful interest as to withdraw her mind from the melancholy anticipation of added woes to her country, in all probability produced, upon that peculiar subject, the vehement mental excitement which is difficult to distinguish from madness.

The fate of her native land took entire possession of her mind, was the sole subject of rumination by day, and was again repeated in the visions of the night; during which she imagined that she conversed with St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine, who commanded her to go to the succour of the Dauphin, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to drive the English from her suffering country. Having so long and so deeply meditated on the miseries of France, her imagination became heated. At last, her persuasion was, that she was appointed by Heaven to expel the English, and to place the crown on the head of the young king. In consequence of these impressions, she often, in conversations with her companions, ambiguously informed them, that ere long a young country girl would go to the assistance of France, and cause the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims.

One day, while her flocks were feeding, she retired into a little ruined chapel to avoid the rain, and fell asleep. She there thought herself favoured by a dream from God, and conceived it a warning from Heaven to quit the care of sheep, and to seek her king. What share other persons might have in prompting or encouraging such thoughts, or whether any other agent, indeed, was employed, has never been clearly established.

The revelations of Joan of Arc were, for some years, confined to the narrow circle of her family and acquaintance; but, at length, the secret impulse

which still urged her on made her resolve to apply to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, who held that place for Charles. This intention alarmed her parents, who were naturally anxious that she should remain with them, and were afraid lest she should depart with any of the troops which were going that way; so that they took her for a little time to Neufchatel, in Lorraine, thinking that a change of scene and time might weaken the recollection of her supposed visions.

However, this made no change in the mind of the Maid of Orleans; her belief that her path was pointed out by Heaven was as strong as ever. About the middle of May, 1428, she implored an uncle, named Durant Lappart, to accompany her to Vaucouleurs, and present her to its governor. Just at that time, rumours and fruitless murmurs ran high concerning the threatened and much dreaded siege of Orleans, and the capture of those towns above and below it on the Loire, by which the English meant to cut off its supplies.

Her ardour increased every moment; she still thought she saw visions and heard voices exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France and expel the foreign invaders; and, both deeply affected with the increasing distresses of her country and impressed with a firm belief in her own supernatural powers, she was now determined to bring relief to her youthful monarch in his present unhappy circumstances.

Having at length prevailed upon her uncle to comply with her request, and to present her to Baudricourt, she declared to him the principal points o her mission; adding that he should forewarn the

Dauphin not to attack his enemies, because, towards mid-lent, God would send him succour. Baudricourt gave her a very cold reception, seeing very little prospect of a work of such magnitude being accomplished by such weak hands: he also blamed her uncle for bringing to him a maniac, or at best a visionary, whom he commanded to be restored to her parents.

Notwithstanding the incredulity of her immediate neighbours, rumours of this extraordinary girl and of her projects soon spread throughout France; and even the inhabitants of Orleans anticipated her aid with hope and impatience, while she herself felt no way discouraged at the repulse she had met with. The belief in her divine mission inspired her with uncommon intrepidity of spirit, and dispelled all that bashfulness so natural to her sex, her years, and low condition.

She at last resolved to assume male attire, the better to journey towards her sovereign; and having afresh importuned her uncle Lappart, he took her once more to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, with whom she was still unsuccessful. A third effort, however, repaid her perseverance; and Baudricourt, either from weariness, or from the secret orders of the court, began to give her some attention. At this visit she remained three weeks at Vaucouleurs, where the priests of the place received her confessions, and proceeded to put her resolution or sincerity to what was then a severe test. Duly equipped in his stole, he one day entered her abode with the governor; and, making preparations apparently to exorcise some evil spirit, said, "that if she had any concern with the enemy of mankind, she should de-

part from them; but if she came on the part of God, she might remain."*

Joan seemed much surprised at this speech, and maintained the high source of her mission with ardour. To convince the governor of her powers, she told him of a defeat the Royalists had sustained, on Saturday the 12th of February, under the walls of Orleans; and intelligence was soon after received that such an event had really taken place.

A supply of provisions on its way to the besiegers, convoyed by Sir John Fastolfe with 2500 men, had been attacked by a body of 4000, under the Counts of Clermont and Dunois, who maintained a superiority, till the impetuosity of some Scotch troops, allies of England, routed them with a loss of 500 men. This engagement was called the Battle of Herrings, from the stores consisting chiefly of that article for Lent consumption.

The success of the victors was circulated throughout the kingdom, and it is not improbable that Joan might have heard the account before it reached the ear of Baudricourt.

The mind of the Governor of Vaucouleurs, however, like that of the rector, seems to have long vacillated in regard to the *source* from whence Joan's knowledge was derived. Perhaps, from the superstition of the age, and the uncertainty in which he found himself, he dreaded either to forward or impede her views: but, whatever might be his motives for such a change, he seems to have been at length convinced of her divine mission; or to have

* Some historians say that Baudricourt thought her bewitched, and had requested the curate toexorcise her.

perceived the use that might be made of such an engine, and he determined to send her to the king.

Joan, it would appear, had now gained ground considerably in the good opinion of her countrymen, for the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs volunteered to defray the expense of her equipment in a complete suit of male attire, and also provided a horse.

The governor only gave her a sword, but did not afford her any of that pecuniary assistance which she was, perhaps, entitled to expect from him, after having given his sanction to her journey. He seems, indeed, to have been of a timid and irresolute temper, and, probably, sought to shelter himself from any future ill consequences. However, as the Maid of Orleans was known to be of unspotted character, he appointed two honourable guides, sworn to conduct her safely. These were Bertrand de Polengi and John de Novellempont, both gentlemen of Champagne. The former generously defrayed all the expenses of the little band, consisting of the two gentlemen, four servants, and Joan of Arc.

Fearful of weakening her resolution, she took no leave of her parents, though she afterwards implored and obtained their forgiveness; and this singular party of adventurers, the most extraordinary, perhaps, in purpose and in results that the world ever saw since the fall of Rome, set out upon its journey. It was then the month of February, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable season, Joan accomplished a journey of one hundred and fifty leagues in the space of eleven days, at a period when the difficulties of travelling must have been extreme, and not to be imagined by us, surrounded by the conveniences and luxuries of modern days.

The whole land had been for years the scene of the most violent contentions. Domestic order had been obliged to yield to military law, or rather all law but that of force had ceased. Each day saw the blood of the conquering and conquered flow together, and every crime became familiar which follows in the appalling train of war. In traversing Champagne and Burgundy, the Nivernois, Berri, and Touraine, Joan and her companions were obliged to take large circuits to shun the stations of the enemy. To try the alleged courage of the inexperienced girl of Domremy, those who accompanied her would sometimes seek to alarm her; but her confidence never forsook her, and her constant reply was—"Fear nothing; we shall arrive safely at Chinon, and the Dauphin will receive us well."

During the journey, the beauty of Joan's character seems to have raised her high in the opinion of her companions, and the Sieur de Novellempont speaks with fervour of her piety and charity, of which they had many instances. Neither haste, dangers, nor difficulties, on the way, ever made her neglect her religious duties; a share of her meal was never denied to the poor, nor her personal aid to the distressed.

The court was then at Chinon, six or seven leagues to the west of Tours. On the arrival of the party, Joan sent the letter of Baudricourt to Charles, and signified that to enter the presence she awaited but his gracious pleasure. A delay of some days took place before she received any answer, as the king's council thought it necessary to deliberate upon the propriety of giving his countenance to so extraordinary an affair.

At length she received orders to repair to Court; and, perhaps, a more singular scene cannot well be imagined than the court displayed at that moment, when first they perceived the object which had excited so much curiosity, doubt, jealousy, contempt, and incredulity. Truly, the sight was an uncommon one, and not to be paralleled. A young female, in the garb of a warrior, not an assumed character, not a representation, but in verity what she appeared; no touch of falsehood, no impostor, but inspired with the most exalted enthusiasm, devoted to the cause she had vowed to promote, and firmly believing in those revelations she had promulgated to others; and requesting with earnestness to be permitted to lead the troops of her king to battle and assured victory, confident that, by Almighty aid, she should free her country from its destructive and overwhelming enemies.

Whatever may have been the policy of the court throughout the whole transactions connected with Joan of Arc, whether they looked up to her as a prophetess, or used her as a tool, of her own sincerity there can now be hardly any doubt. Every means, however, were employed by the court, either to gain some certainty with regard to the supernatural powers to which she pretended, or to convince the people that such certainty had been gained; and many accounts of this first interview between the young king and the Maid of Orleans have been given, differing little in respect to facts, but, of course, receiving a tinge from the credulity or skepticism of the writer's mind. According to the most cautious authorities, Charles, being aware of her arrival, had clothed himself very simply, divested of every en-

sign of royalty, and had mingled with the crowd of courtiers purposely to avoid observation. Yet Joan, who is said never before to have seen him, singled him out, and cast herself at his feet, though some present endeavoured to mislead her as to his person. But she was not to be deceived; and so energetic was her address to Charles, that she made converts of all who were round her.

"Gentle Dauphin," said she, "I am called Joan the Maid, and the King of Heaven hath sent me to your help. If it please you to grant me troops, by Divine permission and force of arms, I will raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct you to be crowned at Rheims, in spite of *all* your enemies! This is what the King of Heaven hath commanded me to tell you, and His will is that the English will return to their own country, and leave you peaceable in your kingdom, as being its only true and lawful heir."

Other historians, who lean more strongly to the marvellous, say that Joan, taking the king aside, added, to convince him of her divine mission, that she would reveal to him her knowledge of a thing known only to God and himself. "Does your majesty recollect," said she, "that on the All Saints'-day, when you were about to receive the communion, you asked of Jesus Christ, if you were *not* the legitimate heir to the throne, to deprive you of the power, or the will, to defend yourself, and, if He was still irritated against France, to let the chastisements which He reserved for your people fall upon you alone?" The king, it is said, astonished, acknowledged the fact, and no more doubted that there was in the Maid of Orleans something supernatural and divine. Nevertheless, before proceeding farther,

the king thought it advisable to consult the Parliament and University, which had been removed to Poictiers, since the capital had been in possession of the English. In the mean time, she was consigned by Charles to the care of the Sieur Bellier, bailiff of Troyes, at whose house she remained under the protection of his lady, a woman of the highest respectability, who showed her every kindness and care.

Messengers, we are told, were sent confidentially to Baudricourt, and to her native village and its neighbourhood, to investigate with the greatest strictness her former life and conduct, and those of her relations; the inquiry redounded to the great advantage of all, and tended to confirm the growing reputation of Joan of Arc. Still many obstacles arose. It was not to be supposed that princes, nobles, and warriors, would without a struggle submit to yield up any portion of military authority to a *woman*—and one of low birth; so that, by every argument they could find, they endeavoured to impress Charles's mind both with the danger and ridicule that would be the consequence of yielding to her demands, and with the contempt which would be apparently shown to the females of the royal family, in granting the truncheon of command to this girl, when the law of France excluded *them* from even *inheriting* the sceptre.

About this time, Joan informed her sovereign that his coronation must be hastened, since her mission expired in about a year; and being asked why she styled him only Dauphin, she replied, "That he would not be really king before he was crowned at Rheims, but that after that his affairs would pros-

per." Joan, most likely, was aware of Charles's indolent nature, as well as of the state of exhaustion in which her country was plunged; and saw that the succour must be speedy, or it would be of no avail.

At length Charles, as he had previously declared he would, proceeded to have her interrogated before the Parliament at Poictiers. Joan was accordingly conducted to that place, and examined by some of the most learned and enlightened men of which France at that time could boast. She was now subjected to a long and severe interrogation; and many captious questions were put on purpose to disconcert her. She answered to all, however, with astonishing precision and justness. Some historians go so far as to say that all the members of the Parliament went prepossessed with the idea that she was a visionary; and all returned praising her modesty, edified by her piety, convinced of her wisdom and intelligence, and persuaded that she was conducted by Heaven.

During her stay at Poictiers, she was left entirely a free agent, her conduct regulated by herself alone, the better to judge of the purity of her manners. She resided in the house of the Attorney General and his wife, who themselves and their numerous friends and retainers testified that she had always acted up to the high character she assumed. The Parliament, however, after all these testimonies of the truth and uprightness of her character, still doubted the existence of any supernatural inspiration. They therefore concluded by requiring, before they gave implicit credit to her story, that she should show them some miraculous sign. The answer of Joan was, as usual, dignified; "I was not sent to give signs at *Poic-*

tiers," she said, "but at the siege of Orleans and at Rheims, where I will show to all the world *sure* signs of my, mission!"

She then repeated the four promises she had made, namely, towards Ascension, to raise the siege of Orleans; secondly, to have her sovereign anointed at Rheims; thirdly, that Paris should acknowledge his authority in the course of seven years; fourthly and lastly, that the English should be driven from the kingdom. All these were finally accomplished.

Every investigation having been in favour of Joan, particularly that, conducted by the last council, the king no longer hesitated to make use of the succour she offered to him. But, before she could commence her enterprise, she demanded that all the soldiers should approach the tribunal of confession.

Charles, having once formed his resolution, appears to have advanced with more energy than might have been expected from his natural supineness. He placed Joan at the head of six thousand men, and took care that the account of her extraordinary mission and of all its attendant circumstances should be spread in every direction with industry, in order to excite the enthusiasm and confidence of the people to the utmost. Having received the command of the six thousand men we have mentioned, she was despatched to Blois, where a large supply of military stores and provisions had been collected for the relief of Orleans, which city had now been invested seven months by the English. The most skilful politician could not have taken such sure means of exciting enthusiasm as were suggested by her own piety or superstition. The time which elapsed after her arrival at Blois

she employed in urging the officers and troops to perform their religious duties, to confess themselves, to take the sacrament before their departure, and to recommend themselves to the protection of Heaven. She formed the clergy into a sacred battalion, and made them march at the head of the convoy under a banner, which was borne by her chaplain, and represented a crucifix. The air resounded with their hymns, and the same inspiration which was felt by her seemed to communicate itself to all. The enthusiasm of the soldiers made them repeat *aloud* the same strains, and they marched on with complete confidence of victory.

The Count of Dunois, (called the Bastard of Orleans,) thirty years after this period, affirmed upon oath that all the Maid of Orleans did bore a supernatural character, the recollection of which was deeply impressed on his memory. At the time that she joined the forces he was at the age of twenty-five, and seldom quitted her.

The convoy approached Orleans on the 29th of April, and was carried into the city after a feeble resistance from the English, who, it is said by some writers, were so depressed by their superstitious fears that the French troops marched into Orleans in open day, in the face of the enemy, without opposition, as if the arms of the English were paralyzed by some invisible power. They at first, indeed, affected to speak with derision of the Maid of Orleans and her heavenly mission; but, it is probable, were secretly moved in a considerable degree by the same superstitious persuasion which was felt by all around them. In Orleans, Joan of Arc, as may be conceived, was hailed with the most enthusiastic joy.

The grace of her person, her address in managing her horse and displaying her consecrated standard, joined to the majestic style of her features and the extraordinary feat she had just achieved, filled every spectator with courage and confidence, so that from the moment of her arrival the garrison believed themselves invincible. The merits of the heroine were no doubt singular and extraordinary, and the effects of her example in courage and piety, added to her natural eloquence, made converts even of the incredulous. The rare combination of so many great and so many good qualities were found in the mind of Joan of Arc, that nothing could be more perfectly adapted to the situation she was called to fill; and people viewed with wonder an uneducated girl fulfilling at once the duties of a priest and a general, exhorting them to place confidence in God and leading them on to victory. Another beautiful trait in her character must not be passed over. Though cast into scenes contrary to the nature and habits of her sex, her mind still retained its purity and feeling; for, hearing a soldier of the English party mention her by an opprobrious epithet, the tears flowed abundantly from her eyes.

Far from relaxing in her endeavours after taking possession of Orleans, Joan of Arc was always upon the alert and the soul of every enterprise, foremost to facilitate the entrance of fresh convoys, and constantly at the head of her troops between the enemy and the town. She usually carried in her own hand the consecrated banner, on which the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe and surrounded with *fleurs-de-lis;* and being asked why she always encumbered herself with the banner, she an-

swered, 'because she never meant to use her sword to injure any one.'

The sword to which she alluded was one that she requested should be sent for to the church of St. Catherine de Fier Bois, indicating that it would be found on a tomb behind the great altar. The weapon was found and brought to her; and this circumstance, together with that of her immediate cognizance of Charles upon her first introduction at the court of Chinon, were magnified by the blind superstition of the age into miracles, which proved beyond all dispute the supernatural power with which Joan was invested. Now, it is not improbable that one so thoroughly engrossed by the affairs of the king and kingdom might, by passing reports, pictures, or coins, have gathered quite knowledge enough of Charles's person to distinguish him placed where he was, aided by any observation supplied at the time. As to the miraculous discovery of the sword, it is very likely that, on her journey to Chinon, at which time she had stopped at St. Catherine de Fier Bois and visited the church, she might have heard some tradition of such a weapon being there.

A letter addressed to the King of England, the Duke of Bedford, and the generals who commanded at the siege of Orleans, had been despatched by Joan before her departure from Blois. By this the English were summoned to leave the city, and restore France to her legitimate sovereign. The herald was stopped by the enemy, and thrown into prison. On the Maid's arrival, she sent to demand him, threatening in the name of the governor to make reprisals. He was released, and a letter sent by him full of abuse,

It being determined that the French should no longer act upon the defensive, she sent another summons, in a letter fastened to an arrow. "Englishmen," said she, "you have no right to this kingdom of France; God commands you by me, Joan the Maid, to abandon your forts and retire.—I would send you my letter in a more civil way, did you not stop my heralds."

Immediately after this a sally was made by the French troops under Joan; and, in three successive days, three forts were reduced; the first, after an obstinate resistance of four hours, was carried, and four hundred men put to the sword: the Maid displaying the utmost coolness and intrepidity, bearing her standard in her hand, but avoiding with extreme repugnance the effusion of blood, which she was never known to shed with her own hand.

The English having abandoned one of their forts, and retired to another which they had built on the ruins of the Church of the Augustines, Joan advanced to attack it. After the scaling ladders were placed, some sudden panic seized the French, and they fled, forcing her along with them in their precipitate flight; but, seeing the English coming out to cut off their retreat, she turned, and advanced to meet them. Her forces by degrees followed her example, and, after a severe conflict, the fort was taken.

The most important post of all, and that on which the success of the siege depended, was the fort of Tourelles, and an intrenchment which the English had thrown up for its defence. The Tourelles was well supplied with every requisite, and defended by six hundred chosen men, so that the attempt upon it was the most important in which Joan had been

engaged. The approaches were speedily made, but the lateness of the day obliged the French to defer the absolute attack till next morning. Joan of Arc passed the night under arms at the head of a detachment, and the intrenchment was attacked at daybreak. The English defended it very bravely; and, an arrow having struck Joan in the throat, she was forced to retire to have the wound dressed. The courage of the soldiers began to fail from her absence, and to such a degree were they discouraged, that the Count of Dunois had himself consented to their sounding a retreat. In a few minutes, however, the Maid of Orleans returned; and, running to the foot of the intrenchment, there planted her standard; and the soldiers instantly, animated by her countenance, her gestures, and her exhortations, renewed the attack with enthusiasm. The English, driven back, abandoned the intrenchment, and ran for refuge to the fort; but many of them were drowned in the Loire, by the fall of the drawbridge; and the French hastening rapidly on, the fort of the Tourelles immediately surrendered. By this time six thousand of Suffolk's best soldiers had fallen, and, finding that his whole army were still dispirited, under a belief of the supernatural powers of Joan, while, perhaps, he felt a bias to such an opinion himself, that commander called a council of war, which unanimously agreed that the siege of Orleans must be raised.

In consequence, the English army decamped from before Orleans on the 8th of May; and, notwithstanding the universal desire of the French to attack them on their retreat, Joan of Arc opposed such a proceeding. In this her historians generally declare that she was influenced by that humanity which ever

made her averse to spill human blood, unless in cases where it could not be avoided; but, at the same time, it is clear that, by attacking the large force of Suffolk with the small power she could bring into the field, she would have risked the successes which she had already obtained.

The extraordinary and happy event of the relief of Orleans by the hand of a woman, spread joy and satisfaction through the whole of France. And if ever act well merited an honourable place in memory, and the solemn commemoration of a nation's gratitude, that which Joan of Arc had just performed deserved the yearly thanksgiving, which was ordered to be celebrated in the Cathedral Church of Orleans as long as France should exist. A solemn panegyric was also directed to be pronounced every year upon her, who had not only delivered the city from its assailants, but had gained the first victory for France, and turned the tide of fortune against her enemies.

The first part of the extraordinary mission which Joan had promised to fulfil was now accomplished, and the Divine inspiration under which she acted seems to have been by the French universally acknowledged. The English themselves were of various opinions; some adopting the belief of the French, and others absurdly ascribing her success to a compact with the devil. The Duke of Bedford, though one of the most sensible men of the age, in writing an account to the King of England of the unfortunate turn which affairs had taken, after the appearance of the Maid of Orleans, calls her—"A disciple and lyme of the fiende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchauntments and sorcerie. The whiche nought

oonly lossed the nombre of your people there, but as well withdrowe the courage of the remenant."

The wound Joan had received at the Tourelles was not yet cured, but, unwilling to lose time, she set out the next day to report the situation of affairs to the king, who was at Loches. She was accompanied thither by the Count of Dunois, and was received by her sovereign in the manner her services so well merited. The council not having yet come to a decision how to act, she with her usual energy strenuously advised them to take advantage of the consternation which reigned among the English, to expel them from all their posts, and then proceed to crown the king at Rheims. During the deliberation of the council she entered, and, throwing herself at the feet of Charles, "Gentle Dauphin," she said, "leave these tedious councils, and repair with all the speed possible to Rheims to be crowned."

Her energy and perseverance at last got the better of the natural indolence of Charles, and the indecision of his council. She resolved immediately to attack all the places possessed by the enemy in the vicinity of Orleans, and then march immediately towards Champagne.

Victory followed wherever Joan led the way. The Duke of Alençon laid siege to Jargeau, whither the Earl of Suffolk had retired with a small detachment of the English army. A breach was effected, and the English, despairing of relief, offered to surrender, if not succoured within a fortnight. Their offer was rejected, and the attack ordered. Joan fought by the Duke's side, and both the commander and herself were at one time in great danger; but she was heard bidding him be of good cheer, for he

knew that she had promised the duchess, his wife, to bring him back in safety.

This siege lasted ten days, and the valour of the English began to return, as they found that they could successfully resist the power which had so lately defeated them. Joan continued, however, by her courage and exhortations, to animate the troops of France; but, in the last assault of Jargeau, had again nearly fallen a sacrifice to her own daring. While mounting the breech with her consecrated standard, the arrows of the enemy flew thick around her—her banner was torn by one of them, and she was thrown down into the fosse by a blow on the head from a stone. All was terror and confusion, but she recovered instantly, and exclaimed, "Forward, friends! Forward, forward! our Lord has condemned the English; they are ours!—Courage, courage!"

The voice of their heroine inspired the soldiers with fresh fire, and they made themselves in a short time masters of the place. The Earl of Suffolk and his brother were taken prisoners, with six hundred men; the remainder of the garrison, consisting of six hundred more, were put to the sword. Immediately after this the English were driven by the Maid and her party from Meun and Beaugency.

The next encounter of the two armies was on the 18th of June, at the village of Pataye, near Yenville. Joan of Arc being consulted as to the success of the approaching battle, "The French," said she, "must be careful to provide themselves with good spurs."

"What!" said the Duke of Alençon, "will the French run away?"

"No," replied she, "but they will have need of good spurs, to enable them to come up with the English. We must fight them, even were they suspended in the clouds."

The English, still under the depression of their superstitious fears, which had been in a great degree the cause of their late failures, fled at the first onset; even so experienced a general as Sir John Fastolfe, who had signalized himself in many hard fought fields, yielded to the contagion. He was the first to fly; and his cowardice on this occasion was punished by his being deprived of the order of the Garter.—Lord Talbot, on the contrary, fought with unimpaired courage, but was obliged to surrender by the desertion of his army.

Eighteen hundred English were slain, and one hundred gentlemen taken prisoners, besides Lords Talbot, Scales, and Hungerford.

The news of the victory was carried to the king by the chief leaders; and the Maid of Orleans, on the brave Talbot being presented to Charles by Xantrailles, his captor, paid a noble tribute to his valour, asking permission to release him without a ransom; which request the monarch immediately granted. Charles himself was possessed of courage and very considerable abilities, but he had one propensity, perhaps the most dangerous by which a king can be swayed, that of being under the influence of favourites. Those by whom Charles was surrounded, to serve their own purposes, represented to him that, as the very existence of the state depended upon the life of the king, his sacred person must not be exposed to risk: the native indolence of his temper made him lend a ready ear

to this unworthy advice, and, instead of being, at this critical period, at the head of his troops, to enspirit and conduct them, while his brave and faithful nobles were shedding their blood in his service, he was indulging in a life of voluptuous ease and vicious pleasure.

Sully was the next place taken by the French. Charles was obliged to attend the councils at Chateau Neuf, on the Loire, in order to arrange the future operations of the army. Different opinions were entertained in regard to the next steps to be taken, but Joan incessantly urged Charles to proceed to Rheims; and the vast influence she had attained over the minds of the people, by her courage and heroism, prevailed. This resolution to proceed to Rheims, on an undertaking of such difficulty as to set at defiance all the rules of human prudence, is a strong corroboration of the unlimited confidence which was placed by all parties in the supernatural assistance of the Maid of Orleans. Rheims was nearly eighty leagues distant, through a country filled with hostile troops, and the road which led to it defended by a variety of strong fortresses. All these apparently insurmountable difficulties were to be overcome by a body of ten thousand men. But what obstacle will not enthusiasm, superstition, and the full persuasion of inspiration, accomplish? The army was assembled, and reviewed by the king at Gien; but the finances of Charles were so completely exhausted, that the pay which was already due to the troops could not be discharged. Officers and men were, however, equally ardent in the cause; the nobility flocked to the standard of their sovereign; and those whose

fortunes would permit refused to accept any pay, charging themselves with the expense of the enterprise.

While the king remained here, Bonny-upon-Loire opened its gates, but Cosne and La Charité, being summoned to surrender, refused, and prepared to resist. It was submitted to the council, if it would not be prudent to reduce Cosne and La Charité, before proceeding to Rheims. The Maid, however, maintained a contrary opinion, and her advice was adopted. The army marched to Auxerre, which refused to open its gates, and they pursued their route to Troyes, which was garrisoned by six hundred men-at-arms, half English, half Burgundians. It now became a question whether to attack that important city, or take the dangerous step of leaving it behind; but it would appear that the whole reliance of the king, the generals, and the council, had been upon miraculous assistance, since they had brought no artillery, and so slender a supply of provisions, as to be exhausted on the second day. In this difficult situation, many opinions prevailed as to their future proceedings. It was even proposed in the council to return to Orleans, which would have reflected disgrace on the army, and ruined the Royal cause. Charles at length, being quite at a loss what to determine, summoned Joan to attend, when she positively averred that in three days Troyes should be in the king's hands.—The Chancellor of France, who was present, doubted; she confidently repeated her promises, and as usual, the courage and spirits of the troops revived. The Maid of Orleans herself conducted the assault, and made every necessary pre-

paration; but no vigorous resistance was offered. She advanced to the side of the fosse, at the head of the troops, and planted her consecrated banner. The garrison, filled with the superstition of the times, were seized with such sudden terror, that they offered immediately to deliver up the town. Charles entered that same day in triumph, and advancing to Chalons, met the principal inhabitants, headed by the bishop, ready to present him with the keys of the town.

The main object of the expedition still remained to be accomplished, notwithstanding the brilliant successes they had experienced, viz.—the reduction of Rheims. The city was defended by six hundred chosen men of the Burgundian faction, and the advance of the king's army might have been easily stopped by the commanders, Saveuse and Chatillon; but they made no resistance, acting, as it has been supposed, by the secret orders of the Duke of Burgundy, between whom and the English Regent there existed some great political enmity. After notifying to the inhabitants of Rheims that they were going to hasten the advance of a body of troops, they recommended the most vigorous resistance, and immediately left the city. The citizens instantly sent deputies to the king, to request the honour of his presence.

Charles entered Rheims on the 27th of July, and, as the first fruits of his conquest, a train of nobles, accompanied by a very numerous martial retinue, came to offer their services.

The day after, he was crowned with great solemnity and *éclat*. The Maid of Orleans stood near his person in complete armour, with her sacred ban-

ner in her hand; and, when the ceremony of his coronation was finished, she fell at his feet, and, embracing his knees with tears of joy, congratulated him on its having pleased God so soon to bring his affairs to so happy a termination; adding that, as the grand object of her mission was now, by the will of Heaven, accomplished, she entreated his permission to return home, and resume those occupations and that course of life which became her sex.

Happy had it been for the unfortunate Maid of Orleans had her request been granted. But Dunois, it is said, knowing the great advantages which might be reaped from her presence with the army, advised her to persevere till the complete expulsion of the English. Charles also refused his consent; and she was therefore compelled to remain. But, with that decision and promptitude she always exerted, she no longer took the lead in the affairs of war, or gave her opinions in opposition of the council, perhaps either seeking to withdraw by degrees from the tumult, having performed her task, or to extinguish that vindictive spirit of jealousy which her services had called into action, and which she evidently had noticed from her change of measures.

The last part of her mission had by Joan been esteemed of vast importance, and as it now appeared with justice, for it seemed to renew the right of Charles's title to the allegiance of his subjects, and to strengthen the mutual bonds of connexion between them. The rapid succession of glorious and extraordinary evénts were attributed to the interference of Heaven in their favour. They now regarded as sinful, therefore, their former submission to the English, to the detriment of Charles, whom they at pre-

sent esteemed their only lawful sovereign, and were become impatient to swear fealty to him.

The inhabitants of a vast number of towns and fortresses in consequence expelled the English and Burgundian garrisons, and duty and attachment seem to have suddenly become the prevailing feeling of the nation. So that, when Charles proceeded from Rheims to the Isle of France, it appeared more like a triumphant march than the progress of an army through an enemy's country.

Many towns submitted to the king without a blow: and when he was quartered at Vully, near Soissons, the inhabitants of the surrounding country came in crowds to greet their monarch, and to behold Joan of Arc, his friend, and the deliverer of France. Her tears flowed abundantly at the proofs of their affection, and, with that *naïveté* which so strongly characterized her, she exclaimed, "How happy should I be to end my days among such a people!"

The clerical chancellor hearing these words, asked her, "Joan, knowest thou when thou shalt die?"

"No," she replied, "that is when it shall please God; but I greatly desire to return to my parents and live with them as I used to do, for I am wearied with the footsteps of war!"

Charles now pursued his march successfully, and still continued to receive many marks of loyalty and readiness to acknowledge his authority. The citizens of Beauvais even went so far as to expel their bishop for his servile attachment to the English.

At the siege of St. Denis, matters falling out contrary to their expectations, the French prepared to retreat; but Joan of Arc, disdaining to fly, persisted

in her efforts to reduce the place, and while doing so received a wound in the thigh from a cross-bow. She was obliged to lie down behind a small projection from extreme pain and loss of blood; and no assistance was offered her till night, when the Duke of Alençon went to her succour. Had any doubt remained in her mind as to the base return she was likely to meet with from those she had so greatly served, it must have been entirely removed by the cruel negligence she had experienced. Her earnest request to return into the bosom of her family was again preferred; and, being resolved to bear arms no longer, it is said by some that she made a present of her martial habiliments to the monks of St. Denis; and by others, that she made an offering of her arms in the abbey church of the same place.

Charles, however, would not consent to her departure, and she accompanied him to the attack of several places after this period. At the town of St. Pierre le Montier they met with a severe repulse; and all the leaders retreated, except Joan, who stood firm with a very few adherents. Dolon, a gentleman who had been appointed to attend her, ran to entreat that she would return to the camp, but found her determined to maintain her post to the last extremity, being assured, as she said, of receiving effective succour. She was surrounded by five or six men-at-arms, who had bravely resolved to die in her defence; but her intrepidity, which seemed always to increase in proportion to the urgency of the occasion, inspired the soldiers, who had before fled, with renewed courage. The attack was recommenced and carried on with a fury so irresistible as to compel the place to yield.

After this no other siege was attempted. The king repassed the Loire, and the troops were put into winter quarters.

Charles, who could not but be aware that to the heroic enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans, which had been the means of calling forth the zeal of his subjects, and the efforts of his most illustrious nobles, he entirely owed the success of the campaign, seemed, while the impression was yet strong upon his mind, desirous of showing the sense he entertained of such important services.

He sent for Joan's parents and granted a patent of nobility to the Maid of Orleans, to her father, and three brothers, and all their descendants, male and female. He also changed the name of the family from Arc to Du Lys, a name which their posterity always preserved, with the addition of "dit la Pucelle." Her arms were a pointed sword, surmounted with a crown, proper, between two *fleurs-de-lis*, on a field azure.

The arms of France, we must remember, were three *fleurs-de-lis*, on a field azure, the supporters, two angels in the habit of Levites, each holding a banner of the same arms, the crest an open crown. The idea implied by the arms acquired by the Maid of Orleans for herself and family is not without poetical beauty. There would seem to be an allusion in the lilies to the purity of her fame; and, at all events, in assigning that flower as one of the charges in her arms, a peculiar honour was intended, the lily forming the chief armorial bearing of that nation for which she had bled, and more especially of the family whose crown she had supported with her sword.

Charles, also, caused a medal to be struck on one side of which was the portrait of Joan of Arc, and on the other a hand holding a sword.

Her native place, Domremi, was likewise exempted from all taxes, aids, and subsidies, for ever. No gifts or honours could have been better adapted to the generous and disinterested spirit of the Maid of Orleans than those bestowed by her sovereign; but it is much to be feared that this distinction nourished the growth of envy and filled the hearts of many of her contemporaries with the most inveterate malice and desire for her ruin.

Her personal merit, and the splendid and extraordinary services she had performed for her country and her king, had most likely been viewed with a jealous eye by all parties; but she was now raised to that rank, the exclusive possession of which was so proudly and tenaciously claimed by one class of men in France. The elevation of Joan of Arc, therefore, of course, greatly increased their rancour, and induced them to forget, in the heat of their selfish resentment, the vast benefits she had conferred upon their country.

To a mind like that of the Maid of Orleans, which seems to have possessed the simplicity of greatness, if the expression may be used, the cabals of her enemies would probably be more terrible, from the freshness and candour of her own feelings, than to others, who, versed and hackneyed in the crooked paths of the world, might have taken similar steps to frustrate them. At her return from the French Court to join the army, she was frequently heard to express a presentiment of some melancholy event

which hung over her. She still continued, nevertheless, to seek instead of avoiding danger, and in every encounter led the way. This is proved by her attack on the famous leader of bandits in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, named Franquet d'Arras. His very name, and that of his followers, spread a terror through the country. But at the head of three hundred men only he was defeated and taken prisoner by the gallant Maid of Orleans. He expiated his crimes at Lagany, and her usual humanity led her to be his intercessor; but her request was not only blamed, but sternly refused, and yet his execution was afterwards imputed to her as a crime. The fame of her supernatural courage had now become so great that many English troops who had just come over to France, hearing the tales of Joan of Arc, are said to have deserted at once, and returned to England.

At length, the Duke of Burgundy resolved to besiege Compeigne. That place being in the hands of the Royalists, the communication was cut off between Picardy and the Isle of France, and its reduction therefore absolutely necessary. The French obtaining intelligence of the intentions of the Duke, Joan of Arc, accompanied by Xaintrailles, threw herself into the place; and, while the Duke of Burgundy was arranging his troops to the best advantage, she made a sally at the head of six hundred men, and attacked the post of Marigny, at which place some of the generals of the Burgundians were making an examination of the approaches to the town. The sudden attack of Joan took them by surprise, and threw them into confusion, but, a re-

enforcement coming up from the outer posts, the resistance of the English proved successful, and they forced the Royalists to retreat. Joan immediately placed herself in the rear of the detachment she commanded, frequently faced about, and succeeded in checking the pursuit of the enemy, so that she had seen all her party pass the barrier before her; when an English archer, the only one who seems to have had sufficient courage, attacked and pulled her from her horse, after a most severe conflict. The Bastard of Vendome coming up at the time, she surrendered to him. Her good sense and presence of mind never deserted her; and, even at this moment, she remembered what was due to that rank to which the king had raised her, and would only surrender to a gentleman; a point of honour universally observed by one in her present condition.

The most studied eulogy from the English and Burgundians, had they been such generous enemies as to bestow it, could not have so greatly exalted the fame of the Maid of Orleans as the genuine and immoderate joy displayed by them on her capture. The victories of Crecy, Poictiers, and Azincourt, had not caused such triumph. The soldiers came in crowds to behold her, whose very name had caused them to tremble. All seemed to think that with Joan of Arc was mysteriously connected the fate of France, and expected to resume their ancient ascendency over a people so often vanquished. Vendome surrendered the illustrious and unhappy captive to his general, John de Luxembourg Count de Ligny.

The Duke of Burgundy conversed with her for some time, probably from curiosity to see one by

whom his subjects had been so often defeated; but Monstrelet, the historian, who attended the Duke at this interview, does not, for some reason, mention a word that passed.

The rejoicings were general in all the towns possessed by the English, and the Duke of Bedford caused the fetes at Paris to be preceded by a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of Notre Dame to evince his gratitude for the capture of so formidable an enemy. Nevertheless, after this period, the Royalists continued the campaign with great success, and made themselves masters of numerous places. The number of prisoners taken during these expeditions was immense; yet, to the eternal disgrace of Charles's memory, though the most of these were men of high rank, no offer of exchange was made for the generous and unfortunate Maid of Orleans.

Her important services to her country, her gallant exertions to restore the falling fortunes of her king, her splendid success in defeating the enemies of France, and placing her sovereign securely upon the throne of his ancestors, were all forgotten; while she remained a forlorn and neglected prisoner exposed to the insults of her vindictive foes, and all the cruelty and blind fury of a superstitious age.

The enemies of France now imagined their conquest secure, and renewed their efforts to recover what Joan of Arc had wrested from them; but those efforts were in vain. True it is, that the master mind had disappeared with the Maid of Orleans, but she had taught her country to combat gloriously for her rights and liberty.

If it be impossible to peruse any part of the history of Joan of Arc, without feeling deep interest

in her fate, the point at which we have now arrived must move all our sympathies in a far greater degree. Her youth, her magnanimity, her purity, her piety, and her unmerited misfortunes, combine to render her character as deeply touching as any that history can produce. And that heart must be callous indeed, that, after having followed her through so many great achievements, does not glow with indignation at the malignity of those atrocious persecutors, who now basely exerted every wicked means for the destruction of a girl of eighteen, who had nobly devoted herself, in life or in death, to the service of her country. Such feelings, however, are not alone confined to condemnation of the treatment she underwent from our own countrymen, but are equally excited against those who suffered her to fall into the hands of the enemy. No doubt can be entertained that she was a sacrifice to jealousy, in the first place, leaving hypocrisy and cruelty to do their part in the course of her trial—that mockery of justice and everlasting disgrace to all who bore a part in it.

It will be remembered that Joan, immediately after she had been taken, had been given over by Vendome to the Count de Ligny. No sooner had this event reached Paris, than the machinations of the Inquisition were resorted to. Friar Martin, the Vicar-General of that fiend-like society of cruelty and crimes, claimed the prisoner, "as vehemently suspected of many crimes savouring of heresy; crimes which could neither be concealed nor overlooked, without good and proper reparation."

Only three days after her capture he wrote to the Duke of Burgundy and the Count de Ligny,

"most humbly and affectionately entreating them (and frequently after) expressly enjoining them, and in virtue of his office, and by the authority committed to him by the Holy See, under the pain of incurring the penalties of disobedience, to send, as soon as possible, the said Joan to answer before him to such charges as the Attorney for the Inquisition should prefer against her."

The severity of the University of Paris was even greater than this; they did not think it sufficient to desire that she should be delivered up to the Inquisition, but also that she should be watched with the utmost vigilance, lest she might escape the justice of the Church—well knowing that in flight was her only hope of safety.

In addressing the Count de Ligny, these base adulators of a foreign power were not ashamed or afraid to mix flattery to a fellow creature with impious hypocrisy to their God, well knowing, at the time, that their aim and intent was to consign an innocent girl to an ignominious death, by the false accusations they were ready to bring against her. The letter to the Count de Ligny ran thus: "You have employed your noble power in apprehending this woman, by whose means the honour of God has been offended beyond measure, and the Church too greatly dishonoured; for, through her, idolatry, errors, false doctrine, and other inestimable evils, have taken root in this kingdom. But the taking her would be of little consequence, if she were not made to give satisfaction for the offence by her perpetrated against our gentle Creator, his Faith, and his holy Church; and for her other innumerable misdeeds: and if this woman should be suf-

fered to escape, the Divine Majesty would be intolerably offended."

This letter, and another equally base and blasphemous, to the Duke of Burgundy, almost in the same terms, and conceived in the true spirit of persecution, are inserted in the criminal process, the original of which is still extant.

The university was indefatigable in soliciting that the Maid of Orleans might not be suffered to escape, or procure her release by ransom; earnestly beseeching the Duke to deliver her up to the Inquisitor, or to Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocess it was falsely pretended that she was taken.

This profligate Churchman was then leading a life of ignominy at the English court, after having been expelled from his see of Beauvais by the inhabitants, who justly held him in abhorrence. The moment Joan of Arc was taken prisoner, he claimed the right to judge her on the false plea above-mentioned, and applied to the Inquisition, the University, the Duke of Burgundy, and the King of England, in order to obtain the custody of her person; nor did he relax in his endeavours, till his prey was securely in his power. As it appeared to him that the good reputation for moral conduct which Joan of Arc had constantly enjoyed, since her first arrival at the French court, might retard, or perhaps even prevent, the accomplishment of the cruel designs which were entertained against her, he secretly despatched messengers, we are told, to the place of her nativity, in order to obtain grounds for fixing some stigma upon her early years; but here his malice was defeated, and every report, we are

assured, tended to illustrate the propriety of her conduct, at that time of her life when it might be supposed that her actions were most unguarded.

Cauchon, thrown off his guard by the intelligence brought being of so different a nature to what he wished, is said to have abused the messengers in the most opprobrious terms, and refused to pay their expenses. In the mean while, though yet uncondemned, Joan of Arc was treated by her captors with more severity than is even shown to an acknowledged criminal.—The extreme rigour of her confinement, and the insults she received from her guards, who had formerly trembled at her aspect, at length prompted her to jump from the window of a tower, but, being severely bruised, she was unable to rise from the ground, and was seized, and more rigorously treated than ever.

It was long indeed before the Count de Ligny could be induced to surrender her to her persecutors. Every effort was made to get her from his hands by the Dukes of Bedford and Burgundy; he was offered, as her ransom, first, six, and afterwards ten thousand livres; and, although unwilling to perform the unknightly act demanded of him, the temptation of this large sum, and the injunctions laid upon him, at length made him waver. His wife, however, in the most earnest manner, conjured him not to deliver up the innocent captive, whom he was equally bound to respect by the laws of war, and by every sacred tie. She threw herself repeatedly at his feet, and pleaded the cause of the unfortunate and brave Maid of Orleans, as if her own life had been at issue; but the Inquisitor, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the University of Paris,

continued their endeavours, and even presented a servile petition to the King of England, couched in such terms, though soliciting the destruction of an innocent fellow-creature, that it seems almost profanation to copy even that part in which they "beg his high excellence, in honour of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to give orders that the woman should be shortly surrendered into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Judge."

At length the iniquitous bargain for the price of innocent blood was concluded. Luxembourg received ten thousand livres, and a pension of three hundred was settled on the Bastard of Vendome. Joan was then conducted to Rouen, under a guard of English troops, there to take her trial upon various accusations as absurd as unjust.

Those appointed to try this memorable cause were, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais; five other French prelates; Friar Martin, Vicar-General of the Inquisition in France; and about fifty Doctors of the Canon law, with the Cardinal of Winchester. The first session was held at Rouen, February 21st, 1431.

On her appearance before her judges, the change that had taken place in the unhappy girl might well have melted any hearts but those within their base and pitiless bosoms. When she first presnted herself at the Court of Charles, there beamed upon her youthful countenance health and beauty, energy and enthusiasm; and her eye shone with the hope of accomplishing that first aspiration of her heart, the restoration of the king, and the deliverance of her country; but now the wretched prisoner was bowed down with sorrow and captivity—pale, en-

feebled, and sinking under the weight of her chains, from which she vainly entreated to be delivered! The treatment, indeed, which she underwent, while in prison at Rouen, might well have destroyed any constitution less strong than hers. At night her fetters were doubled, and a strong chain encircled her body. No one had access to her prison without authority from either Cardinal Beaufort, Beauvais, or Lord Warwick, the Governor. The voice of compassion never reached her ear, but all was solitary silence and gloom, with the prospect of certain death, in its most terrific form.

We cannot, of course, follow the trial through its various details. In spite of all the cruelty with which she was treated, and the numerous base artifices put in practice to force or discover any thing to justify the proceedings, nothing transpired which could possibly affect her life or liberty; and the failure of his endeavours to effect that purpose so enraged the infamous Bishop of Beauvais that he was strongly suspected at the time of an attempt to poison his innocent victim. But this suspicion does not seem compatible with the desire of her persecutors to reserve her for a public execution.

It is worthy of remark that the character of the Maid of Orleans, though perfectly simple and ingenuous, was by no means feeble. In the awful moment of her public examination before her deadly enemies, she did not evince the least timidity, though upon the result depended her life or death. We may well believe that she was bold through truth; and that, having no guilt to conceal, her mental courage and self-possession never forsook her. She, who through the assistance of Heaven had fulfilled all

her promises to her king and rescued her country, now answered the frivolous, vindictive, and absurd questions which were put to insnare her, with a degree of penetration and clearness that was astonishing in one so young and so unlettered, and also on more than one occasion testified for the arts of her unjust judges the contempt they merited.

The Bishop of Beauvais pressed her to repeat the Lord's Prayer, which she consented to do on condition that he would hear it in confession. This was probably done in the hope of excluding him from the number of her judges, as it was notorious that Cauchon, to gain the favour of the English, would not scruple to perform any service, however infamous.

Some passages of the trial require more peculiar notice. She was ordered after her first examination not to think of escaping: "Were I to escape," said she, "you could not accuse me of breaking my word, since I never pledged it to you." The same shrewd sense characterized many more of her replies. She was asked whether King Charles had had visions as well as herself. "Send to ask him," she replied; and being much pressed to say whether she had done right in attacking Paris on a festival, she at length answered, "that certainly such solemn days ought to be respected, but that for an error of that nature it was the peculiar province of her confessor to give her absolution." She seems, nevertheless, to have spoken the truth with freedom, and used no disguise during her trial. Though she was aware that those who examined her watched for her life at every word, she would not even feign ignorance of their iniquity. "You call yourself my judge," said she to the Bishop of Beauvais, "but beware how you

discharge the burdensome task you have thereby imposed upon yourself." When asked if the saints had ever in their conversations with her announced the descent of the English, she answered, "that the English had invaded France before she had any revelations." She was but three years old when Henry the Fifth landed on the coast of Normandy, in 1415. To the question whether in her infancy she had ever desired to fight the Burgundians, she replied, "I was always anxious to see my sovereign recover his dominions."

Having sometimes betrayed hopes of escaping the malice of her persecutors, she was asked, "Have the celestial spirits given you these hopes?" "That has no concern with my trial," she answered. A report was industriously circulated that Joan had raised a child from the dead, and the Bishop of Beauvais hoped she would herself claim this miracle, which would have exactly answered his purpose. But her truth triumphed over his malice: she replied simply, "The child being thought dead, was carried to the church, where it exhibited sufficient signs of life to justify baptism." The questions put concerning her banner were many. "Did you change it often? Had it been consecrated? Why were the names Jesus and Mary embroidered upon it? Did you ascribe any fortunate effects to it? Did you instil such a belief into the French troops?" To these questions she replied, "I only changed my standard when it was torn. I never caused it to be consecrated with any particular ceremonies. It was by priests that I was taught to use, not only for my standard, but even for the letters which I wrote, the names of the Saviour and his mother. With respect to the fortu-

nate effects ascribed by me to it, the only mode of encouraging the troops I ever adopted was to call to them to rush boldly into the midst of the English, and to set them the example myself." "Why did you carry your standard in your hand at the anointment and coronation of Charles?" "It was but just," said she, "that, having shared the toils and dangers, it should share the glory."

Her malicious judges were disconcerted at the dignity and simplicity of her demeanour; but, with hearts callous to all virtue and feeling, they only endeavoured to pervert her answers so as to suit their purpose. This was carried so far that William Manchon, one of the secretaries who was employed to write down depositions, made oath that he had been solicited to falsify her answer, the Bishop of Beauvais being most urgent with him to do so; but he had rejected the infamous proposal with scorn, and was in consequence grossly abused by the prelate for his refusal, and another apostolic notary of a more complying temper employed.

A report of the trial having been drawn up, when the malignant art of her accusers had nearly exhausted itself, some doctors were consulted, who declared the proofs insufficient to establish the guilt of the prisoner, and the prosecution again commenced. The judges now tried to extort from her an opinion on the difference of the church militant and the church triumphant, though it could only be for a wicked purpose that such a demand was addressed to a young girl who could neither read nor write; but again her simple answer foiled them. "I shall always be ready," said Joan, "to submit to the church." One of her judges, named Friar

Isambert, moved with compassion, seized this opportunity to advise her to appeal to the pope: this she immediately did, and to this appeal she would have owed her life; but Cauchon, casting a furious glance at the friar, commanded him in the devil's name to be silent, forbidding the secretary to make mention of the appeal. "Ah!" said Joan, "you write down every thing that tells against me, but will suffer nothing that is in my favour to be written down."

The crowd of priests, doctors, and divines, with their corrupt leader, Beauvais, almost foiled by the keen good sense of the simple girl who was exposed to their falsehood and subtleties, at length treated all form of trial merely as a farce, and seemed only to labour thenceforth, to throw her off her guard by their numerous puerile and irrelevant questions. Losing all decency, the interrogatory was conducted by several of them at once, making her exclaim, "One at a time, good fathers, if you please;" and they then proceeded to ask such questions as the following: "did the saints who appeared to you talk French or English? Did they wear ear-rings, or rings?"

"*You* took one ring from me," said she to Cauchon, in reply to the latter question; "pray return it."

When asked whether the saints had hair, and whether they were naked or dressed, she replied solemnly, "Do you suppose God has not wherewithal to clothe them?"

"Have you seen any fairies?" was next demanded, "and what do you think of them?"

She replied, "I never saw any: I have heard of them, but do not believe they exist."

It would appear, indeed, from the answers of Joan of Arc, that, so far from being superstitious, she was much more free from that weakness than many others in that age. Her belief in her visions, which she always adhered to, would seem to have been of a very different character, totally distinct from the ordinary superstitions of the times. However, this point was seized upon by her judges as a ground of conviction, being the only one which they could in any degree build upon.

One of the commissioners, however, filled with honest indignation, withdrew, declaring he would no longer assist at a trial where the life of the prisoner was made to depend on a grammatical distinction, since if, instead of affirming that she had *believed the apparitions she had seen to be real*, she had said they *appeared* to her to be so, she never could have been condemned.

Still, however, the trial proceeded, in the vain hope of discovering something more; and, harassed with a multitude of the most useless and indecent questions, she repeatedly called out, "Ask the assisting judges if this has any concern with the trial; if it has, I will answer it."

One circumstance more than all the others seemed to try the patience of the persecuted and insulted Maid of Orleans, which was, a visit from that Count de Ligny, whose avarice had prompted him to sell her so basely to her enemies; he came accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, out of inhuman curiosity. As might have been expected from such a character, he commenced the conversation by a

falsehood, endeavouring to persuade her that he came to treat about her ransom, and thereby meanly and cruelly holding out a hope without foundation. But the Maid of Orleans replied with her usual courage and truth, "You have neither the inclination nor the ability. I know very well that those Englishmen will put me to death in the belief that *after* that they will conquer the kingdom of France; but, were there a hundred thousand more than there are here at present they could never reduce this country!"

Stafford, it is asserted, drew his sword, and, to his everlasting disgrace, would have run her through the body, had he not been prevented by Warwick. At length, the unhappy captive, sinking under her heavy irons, and exposed to the most insulting and savage treatment by all around her, fell dangerously ill. The Duke of Bedford, the Cardinal of Winchester, and the Earl of Warwick, appointed two physicians to attend her, not, it would appear, from any feeling of humanity, or Christian charity, as is evinced by the strong injunctions they laid upon the medical men "to take care that she did not die a natural death; adding that the King of England had bought her at a dear rate; that it was his intention to commit her to the flames; adding that the Bishop of Beauvais was apprized of this, and that it was for that reason he was so eager to have the trial finished."

To promote this cruel purpose, the Judges met twice a day, besides holding private examinations in prison. The instruments of torture were placed before the Maid of Orleans, as Cauchon wished her to be put to the rack, but no variation or equivoca-

tion in her answers could be elicited, and, on the contrary, she boldly declared, that no violence of pain should extort from her any confession contrary to the truths she had already asserted. Should the torture compel her to vary from her statement, she previously protested that at the first moment of ease she would disavow it. There is reason to believe that the Bishop was solely deterred from trying the diabolical experiment, from the dread of her dying under the operation.

The trial being ended, seventy charges were exhibited against Joan of Arc; which were afterwards reduced to twelve; the University of Paris confirmed the decisions of the tribunal at Rouen: and the King of England was besought to order sentence to be pronounced immediately. When the trial was read to the prisoner, she pointed out many places where falsehoods were inserted, grossly misrepresenting her replies, but her remarks were totally disregarded, and her ruin determined upon.

On the 24th of May, she was conducted to the churchyard of St. Ouen, where a scaffold was erected, and a defamatory sermon preached by one William Erard, replete with illiberal abuse and with the vilest invectives against the Maid herself, the King of France, and the whole nation. "It is to you, Joan, I speak!" exclaimed the malignant priest; "and I tell you that your sovereign is a heretic and a schismatic!"

Joan was still loaded with her heavy chains; was enfeebled by illness, and in expectation every instant of being committed to the flames, yet her courage and truth rose above all fear and personal suffering, and she nobly replied, "By my faith, sir, with due

reverence, I dare affirm and swear, on my life, that my king is the most noble of all Christians, and is not such a man as you represent him!"

The Bishop of Beauvais now rose to pronounce sentence. But, before that sentence could be uttered, the judges found other points to be considered: the laws required that she should make a previous confession of her guilt, before the punishment could take place. Without this previous confession, it might well be supposed, that, instead of having been yielded to justice, she had been sacrificed to revenge. Most of the charges she had solemnly denied; and evidence could not be found to prove them. In this dilemma they were determined to make her *appear* guilty by *extorting* a public *retraction*, and she was called upon to abjure her errors. She begged to have some one to consult with, as she did not even understand the meaning of the terms employed. The person whom she was allowed to advise with counselled her to submit to the sentence of the church, adding that, if she persisted in contradicting any of the charges, she would certainly be delivered to the flames. The unhappy girl then exclaimed, "I appeal to the universal Church whether I ought to abjure or not." This, however, was not sufficient for their purpose; and every infamous and degrading means were made use of in order to intimidate Joan of Arc into such a confession of guilt as would enable them to proceed to her execution. The executioner was pointed out to her waiting with his cart to convey her to the place of suffering. Her judges loudly threatened her with the flames; the Bishop of Beauvais affected to prepare for pronouncing sentence, and she was

surrounded by people who assured her that, that sentence once pronounced, her fate was irrevocably sealed. Many, even of the people, moved with her sufferings, unaware of the double game that was playing against her, and believing that she would in reality save her life by making the abjuration which was demanded, besought her to comply; but all that they could obtain was a declaration that, in regard to her revelations, she submitted to the Church and its ministers. Her firmness and her innocence had nearly frustrated the purpose of her iniquitous judges; but at this moment an infamous deception was practised upon her, which placed her fate in their hands. The secretary at length brought her a form of abjuration, which he read to her; it contained a simple promise never again to bear arms, to suffer her hair to grow, and to lay aside male attire. But at the moment of signature, another paper was slipt into her hand in place of the one which she had heard read; and by artifice she was made to sign an acknowledgment of all the crimes imputed to her. The truth of this statement is proved beyond all dispute, by the subsequent deposition of Jean Massieu, greffier, the very secretary who read the first paper to her.

As soon as Joan had affixed a mark, the sign of the Cross, to the act of abjuration, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded to pronounce sentence. But as the court for which he acted was ecclesiastical and not secular, as was very common in such cases, its award was of a much milder nature than the judges had any intention of permitting ultimately. It seldom, if ever, failed, in such instances, that some pretext was wanting for afterwards delivering a

prisoner to the secular power. And such was the purpose and expectation of the court which condemned Joan of Arc. The sentence ran in the usual style of those pronounced by the Inquisition; and condemned her to pass her days in prison, with no other nourishment than "the bread of pain and the water of anguish." The English, however, who were probably unaware of the method which the ecclesiastical judges intended to pursue, conceiving that the enemy who had first foiled them in arms was likely to escape them, threatened loudly and angrily to take vengeance on the court.*

Means, however, were taken to make them aware that the unhappy girl had not escaped them; and the populace, whose feelings were highly excited in favour of Joan of Arc, seemed to have conceived

* The methods pursued by the infamous tribunal which condemned the unhappy Maid of Orleans are very clearly evinced by the manifesto issued by the English Government on her execution, in the name of Henry VI., and addressed to the Duke of Burgundy. The following are a few extracts;

Most dear and well-beloved Uncle, &c. &c.

"It is well known, from common report, and otherwise, that the woman called 'The Maid' has, contrary to the Divine law, and to the decency becoming her sex, worn the dress of a man; a thing abominable before God," &c. * * * * *

"She clothed herself in armour, also, assisted by knights and esquires, and raised a banner, and in this state she took the field," &c.

* * * * * * * * * *

"She now submitted herself to the ordinances of the Church, *and publicly renounced and abjured* her detestable crimes, signing, with her own hand, the schedule of her *recantation* and *abjuration*. But these good dispositions did not last long; she relapsed into all those errors; for which cause she was delivered over to the secular arm, which instantly condemned her to be burnt."

the purposes of her judges at once, and assailed them with every sort of abuse as they proceeded from the spot where the sentence had been pronounced. The unhappy Maid of Orleans was reconducted to her dungeon and suffered to assume the female garb. But it would appear that every sort of insult and brutality was now shown towards her, and it was very soon asserted, that she had resumed her male attire, though her judges forgot that, in the strict imprisonment in which they held her, she could obtain no apparel whatsoever but such as they chose to afford; and, therefore, that the opinion which soon became current of her jailors having forced her to reassume a dress which she had solemnly abjured was the natural conclusion to which every one must inevitably come. Determined, however, to brave every reproach, the judges proceeded in a body to the prison in order to take means for establishing the fact of her change of dress. One of the judges, apparently not intrusted with the secret designs of the others, is reported to have observed, that it was necessary in the first instance to ascertain what were her motives for reassuming male apparel. He was speedily silenced, however, and his indiscreet speech is said to have nearly cost him his life. The fact, however, of being once more in the garb of a man, was proved against the unhappy Joan of Arc, and her judges, having again assembled on the following day, declared her to be a relapsed heretic; and as such to be delivered over to the secular arm. The consequences of this sentence could admit of no doubt, and the annunciation thereof placed before the eyes of the unhappy pri-

soner the prospect of immediate death in the most painful form of public execution.

Many an anecdote is told of her patience and mildness under even the agony of despair, and of the baseness with which her judges rendered still more bitter her last moments.

The profligate Beauvais jeered her, because the visions had assured her she would be released. "You now see," said he, "how they have deceived you; tell us the whole truth." She answered, that with regard to her deliverance, *that* she knew was impossible, but the reality of her apparitions she would maintain to the last. "Whether they were good or evil spirits," she said, "they certainly did appear to me." This was the article on which her condemnation was founded, and from it she never varied.

On the 30th of May she was taken from her prison under an escort of one hundred and twenty men-at-arms, and appeared dressed in female apparel, while on her head was placed a mitre, with this inscription: "A relapsed heretic, an apostate, an idolater."

She was supported by two Dominican friars; and, in passing through the streets, she exclaimed, "Oh! Rouen, Rouen! must thou be my last abode!" The Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Terouanne, Chancellor of France, the Bishop of Beauvais, and the other judges, were seated upon a scaffold, waiting the arrival of Joan of Arc. When she appeared, she was heavily fettered, and as she mounted the scaffold her face was seen to be bathed in tears. Her funeral sermon was then preached by Nicholas Midy, a most disgusting composition, full of sacrilege, fanaticism, and hypocrisy—a discourse, which had his conscience not been totally callous,

he would have trembled to pronounce in the face of heaven, as he stood confronted with the innocent victim about to be murdered with his consent and participation. The infamous Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, then pronounced the sentence of condemnation; at the end of which he invoked the mercy of the secular judges, who were seated on a lower scaffold. Before she descended from the scaffold to mount the fatal pile, Joan turned round to the Bishop of Beauvais, and, extending her fettered hands towards him, "*You*," she exclaimed, "are the cause of my death; *you* promised to restore me to the church, and *you* have delivered me up to my enemies!"

Pity at this moment seems to have found an entrance even into the bosom of the hardened and impious prelate; a tear started from his eye; but, desirous of concealing a weakness he contemned, he turned aside and hastily brushed it away, though all the surrounding multitude, yielding to the impulse of nature, judges, people, guards, English, and Burgundians, gave a free scope to their tears.

Joan knelt down, and implored the mercy of the Supreme Being: she called upon the ecclesiastics and all around her solemnly to assist her with their prayers. Nor, though her last moments were attended with circumstances peculiarly awful, was her ungrateful sovereign forgotten.

No farther sentence was pronounced by the secular tribunal, except the words, "Take her away." The executioner advanced trembling as he came to receive her from her guards. She asked for a crucifix, and an Englishman, who was present, broke a stick and formed a sort of cross, which she took

and after kissing it pressed it to her heart, and ascended the fatal pile. Before it was lighted they brought her a cross from a neighbouring church, which at her earnest request was placed before her. As soon as she felt the fire approach her, with her usual humanity she warned the two priests to retire. The pile was raised very high, so that all the spectators had a full view of her, in order that any doubt of her death might be prevented.

The fire was removed as soon as she was supposed to be dead, that the people might have an opportunity of seeing the body. As long as she retained the power of utterance, the sacred name of Jesus was heard to issue from the flames. The sobs and groans which the violence of her anguish extorted from her alone interrupted her ejaculations. Her heart was found entire, after the rest of her body was quite consumed.

The Cardinal of Winchester ordered her ashes to be collected and thrown into the Seine.

So perished the unhappy Maid of Orleans, at the age of nineteen. In an enlightened age, her transcendently noble qualities, which were displayed in the best of causes, the just defence of her king and country, would have secured her universal admiration and gratitude; nor, perhaps, can ancient or modern history furnish an example of such pure and exalted heroism. The conduct of her persecutors is too infamous to admit of either excuse or palliation; the conduct of those whose freedom she fought for, and of him whose throne she re-established, is little less culpable.

Charles might have prevented easily the destruction of that generous girl, who had preserved his

honour, and saved his kingdom, by simply effecting her exchange; having at the time many prisoners of distinction in his power, on whom, upon refusal, he could have retaliated. But, with the blackest ingratitude, he enjoyed in ease and luxury the fruits of her victories, and left her to perish without help by the cruelty of her implacable enemies.

After the death of the Maid of Orleans, the hatred and contempt of the people, and even of the English themselves, followed the judges who had been instrumental in accomplishing the iniquitous purposes of her enemies. They were pointed at and avoided in the streets and in society as universal objects of execration; and though they attempted to shield themselves by defaming, with the pen and with the tongue, the unhappy girl whom they had condemned, the attempt was unsuccessful, and every year showed their conduct in a blacker light. Twenty-five years afterwards her defence at large was undertaken by Robert Cibole, a doctor in theology, and chancellor of the university of Paris: and, at the same time, Charles VII. caused the trial of Joan of Arc to be revised. Commissioners were appointed under a Papal Bull to examine the charges and the evidence against her, and her memory was re-established, as it is termed by the French law, under the direction of a monarch who had suffered her to perish by a death of torture, after a long and severe imprisonment. But by this time the jealousies, the envy, and the malice which the extraordinary successes, the sex and the low birth, of the Maid of Orleans gave rise to during her life had died away; her services were alone remembered by a king who owed his crown to her, and by no-

bles who held their state and station from the consequences of acts which she had achieved. Many of these nobles now came forward before the commission, which was conducted by the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishops of Paris and Constance, and the clearest and fullest testimony was given regarding the virtue, the piety, the humanity, the chivalrous nobility of spirit which the unhappy girl had shown, by the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Dunois, the grand master of France, the Bishop of Avranches, and many other prelates, together with a hundred and twelve witnesses, all of whom had known and watched her through her short but brilliant course. Her former sentence, as we have before said, was annulled as manifestly unjust. Joan of Arc was declared to be innocent of all the crimes which had been imputed to her. Two solemn processions were ordered to take place, and two discourses in her honour were ordered to be pronounced, the one in the churchyard of St. Ouen, where her first iniquitous sentence was promulgated, and the other in the old market-place of Rouen, where the last act of cruelty was perpetrated towards her. A cross was immediately erected on the spot where she suffered, and a statue of the Maid of Orleans was afterwards placed in the midst of the square. Her judges, it is true, escaped punishment till the succeeding reign, when Louis XI. of France caused the only two who then survived to be tried and executed.

The English, and especially the Duke of Bedford, greatly overrated the effect likely to ensue from the death of the Maid of Orleans; the remembrance of her great deeds and noble patriotism lived after her,

and the glorious example she had set came but the more forcibly home to the hearts of Frenchmen, when her death had extinguished all jealousies, and her sufferings had excited the thirst for revenge. She had fallen a martyr to the cause of France, and the blood of a martyr is sure, sooner or later, to sanctify the cause for which he fell, and to raise up an unconquerable spirit in its defence.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Margaret of Anjou, afterwards Queen of England, was the daughter of Regnier, Duke of Anjou, calling himself King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; but having only the name and style, without possessing a foot of ground in any of his visionary kingdoms.

She was born in 1425, and was a woman, we are told, of singular beauty, and great wit and policy, to which was added much bold and masculine courage. Brought up in the petty court of a King, whose sole dominions were reduced to a single province, in the midst of dangers and misfortunes, her natural strength of intellect was not enfeebled by early indulgence, and she was distinguished as the most accomplished Princess of her age, even before time and opportunity had called forth the latent qualities of her mind; but it is by no means improbable that the painful circumstances of her early life, and the small intrigues of a dependent court, narrowed the sphere of a character which might otherwise have been really great. Events were, however, preparing in Europe, which soon led her to new scenes.

The long contention between the rival powers of England and France had caused such scenes of devastation and bloodshed, that the Princes of Christ-

endom, who had looked on with horror, at last interfered in the controversy, in order to stay the waste of human life. They laboured so strenuously through their ambassadors, to appease the adverse monarchs of those two countries, that they succeeded in somewhat mollifying the rancour generated by long years of contention.

A general congress was in consequence appointed to be held at the city of Tours, when there appeared, on the part of the King of England, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, Doctor Adam Molins, Keeper of the King's Privy Seal, and Robert, Lord Roos, with various others.

For the French King were appointed, Charles Duke of Orleans, Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Vendome, Great Master of the French King's Household, Piers de Bressell, Steward of Poitou, and one or two other personages of note.

Ambassadors from the empire, from Spain, from Denmark, and from Hungary, were also sent to the place of conference, to act as mediators between the two princes.

The assembly was great and magnificent, and the expense incurred immense, as each individual thought himself bound to appear with all the splendour in his power, for the credit of his country and the honour of his sovereign. Many meetings were held, and every endeavour used, to arrange the terms of a general pacification; but the doubts and ambiguities which arose on both sides prevented such entire concord as was necessary for the conclusion of a final treaty. Nevertheless, in hopes of an ultimate agreement, and the much desired con-

clusion of a peace, a truce of eighteen months was decided upon by the commissioners.

During the course of the negotiations, it would seem that Suffolk, who took the lead on the part of England, went to the extreme of his authority. He appears to have come to the conclusion, by what train of reasoning is difficult to determine, that, to promote a marriage between the French monarch's kinswoman, Margaret, and his master, Henry, was the only way to secure a lasting peace.

For this object alone he strove; and, as if the proposed alliance were superior to every other consideration, he hurried on the arrangements, relinquished all claim to dower, without the privity of his associates, and consented to give up the county of Maine and duchy of Anjou.

The proposed marriage was viewed by the English nation with great disgust, but the French pressed it. Henry himself seems to have desired its accomplishment at any sacrifice: and the arrangements went forward, notwithstanding murmurs and remonstrances.

As proxy for the King of England, Suffolk espoused the Princess in the church of St. Martin of Tours; and the marriage was distinguished by the presence of the King and Queen of France, and a vast number of princes and nobles of all degrees. The ceremony was followed by splendid tournaments, and all that royal magnificence could effect was displayed, to give pomp to a transaction which satisfied the vast claims of England by a dowerless bride.

But this, like all other bright pieces of pageantry,

soon came to an end. The newly-created Marquis of Suffolk received the lady from the hands of her friends, and conveyed her with great state to England where she landed in the month of April. Soon after her arrival, she was maried to Henry the Sixth, and was conducted with a great display of magnificence to London.

Margaret was now placed in a situation where, had she joined great virtues to great talents, she might have saved her husband and preserved a crown, but to her high qualities she added many dark and dangerous faults. That she was a woman of ambition and intrigue cannot be doubted; and, unfortunately for herself and the kingdom, she came to England to share the throne with a weak prince, at a time when the country was disquieted by rancorous and contending factions.

Suffolk claimed great praise, rewards, and honours, for having brought about this marriage, enlarging to the king, and before the council, upon the beauty and high merit of the princess. The titles and style of her father were not forgotten, and in words at least the alliance formed for the English king seemed not unworthy of his race and power. But, although this marriage pleased the king and the adherents of Suffolk, yet Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, had resisted to the utmost of his power the alliance, alleging that it was neither consonant to the law of God nor man, and most dishonourable to a prince, to infringe a contract, by him made and concluded, for the benefit of his realm and people. He declared that the king, by his ambassadors sufficiently instructed and authorized, had concluded a treaty of marriage between the British sovereign

and the daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, upon conditions as honourable as profitable to himself and his kingdom; and he had farther boldly declared, even from the first, that it was more suitable for a prince to marry a wife with riches and friends, than one who had nothing, and so to deprive himself and his realm of old rights and ancient possessions, which had cost much treasure and the best blood of his subjects to obtain. The duke was not listened to, but, as we have shown, the arrangements of the earl adopted. The duchy of Anjou, the city of Mans, and the whole county of Maine, though the very stay and safeguard of the duchy of Normandy, were lost to England; and the Count d'Armagnac was converted into a bitter enemy, which proved the chief cause that the English were expelled from the duchy of Aquitaine, and lost the countries of Gascony and Guienne.

Suffolk was now in high favour with the king; and not less so with Queen Margaret, for having succeeded in placing her on the English throne. He showed a degree of vain-glory upon the occasion, however, which was insupportable to the English nobles. Thinking his conduct was as much in esteem with others as himself, he vaunted his services before the parliament, in the most pompous and obtrusive manner; and, having been elevated in fortune and rank, became ambitious of still greater distinctions, which he acquired. At the instigation of the queen, a dukedom was bestowed upon him, and, ruling the king at his pleasure, he obtained many lucrative and advantageous gifts for his family and friends. He imagined the foundation of his grandeur was laid in the rock, like the house

of the wise man; but experience proved that it was based on the sand, "and when the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, it fell—and great was the fall thereof."

There is little doubt Suffolk reckoned upon procuring day by day fresh honours for himself, and on becoming a source of unfailing honour to others. He dreamt, in all probability, of reaping the advantages of increasing wealth, and of unrestrained power, through his influence over a weak monarch, and his favour with a queen who owed to him her present dignity, and who was even suspected of a partiality in respect to him equally incompatible with her dignity as a queen, and her fidelity as a wife. He had been lauded by the Lords in open parliament, thanked by the Commons, and received into the entire favour of the king. What, then, could move *him?* He stood beyond the reach of evil. His was not a partial success; it was sanctioned by all who were invested with legitimate power in the land. But, alas! how unstable and fluctuating is the nature of all worldly glory. Within the short space of four years from the time of which we are now writing, during which fortune and honours were unsparingly heaped upon him by his royal master, he was in the same place, where he had before been lauded and thanked, accused by the Commons of many treasons and offences committed against the king; and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of his sovereign to screen him from the persecution of his enemies, a decree of temporary banishment, as we shall show hereafter, was obtained against him. In his passage to France, however, he was met by

a ship belonging to the Duke of Exeter, then Constable of the Tower; the captain of which brought him back into the Dover Roads, and, without the slightest form of legal process, caused him to be beheaded on the side of a cock-boat, and left neglected on the sands. His body being afterwards found by his own chaplain, was treated with all due respect, and interred in the collegiate church of Wingfield, Suffolk.

Henry the Sixth was a man of that character which better suits the monastery than the throne, and it is not surprising that Margaret should at once have gained the ascendency over his mind. He is represented by the most correct historians as being of a gentle, meek spirit, preferring peace to war, rest to business, honesty to profit, and quietness to labour. He was chaste, holy, modest, and of perfect integrity; he suffered losses, misfortunes, vexations, and all worldly trials, with inexhaustible patience; but he was governed by those whom he should have ruled, and guided by those whom it was his duty to command.

The queen, his wife, was his opposite in every thing—she was a woman of high spirit, strong sense, ready wit, and politic habits, desirous of glory, and covetous of fame: she was not inexpert in business, and altogether of a masculine turn of mind. In her political actions she had one great fault, however, which has been frequently attributed to her sex; namely, a mutability and unsteadiness of purpose, which led her, when seemingly bent with vehemence upon any particular object, to break off suddenly, and treat it as deserving of no farther attention.

Margaret, on coming to England, had naturally thrown herself into the arms of the party which had been the means of her elevation, and, through their intrigues, the parliament had been rendered for a time entirely devoted to her will. Soon seeing, however, that Henry did not reign independently, but was greatly led by the counsels of the Duke of Gloucester, then protector of the realm; she had determined to take upon herself the rule both of the king and of the kingdom. This she constantly strove to accomplish by every secret means in her power; and her views in this respect were greatly forwarded by the malice of the Duke of Gloucester's enemies, who took care not to let her anger towards him abate, and omitted no persuasion or falsehood which might instigate her to bring about the ruin of that prince. Being of a very imperious and vindictive temper, she resented the duke's opposition to her marriage with a degree of virulence, which all his submission and professions of regard could not assuage. In addition to this, her father, Regnier, gave her the same unwise counsels as the enemies of the duke; writing to her that herself and her husband should take upon themselves the government of the realm, and not be kept under tutelage like young wards. Another motive, still stronger probably than all, was the fear that the open enmity which her cabal had displayed against Gloucester might eventually prove their destruction, should the duke ever ascend the throne, to which he was presumptive heir; and, therefore, the protector's ruin was ultimately determined upon. The queen, through policy, always joined the name of the king in her undertakings, though he took no

part in them, being much engaged in religious exercises, in which she failed not to encourage him. By her instigation and permission, (many writers affirm) the duke's mortal enemies, among whom were the Marquis of Suffolk, the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinal of Winchester, and the Archbishop of York, conspired to take away his life.

Their first step towards his destruction was a ridiculous impeachment, in consequence of which, however, he was removed from the council. The duke answered in the clearest and most convincing manner to all that was brought against him, and justified his conduct in such a way, that even his enemies were obliged to acquit him of the charges. But, his death being determined upon, his wisdom and truth availed him little. Yet he suffered not his mind to be disturbed, such reliance had he in his own integrity, and such confidence in impartial justice. His mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion would arise, if a prince so well beloved by the people, and called by them the "Good Duke of Gloucester," were publicly executed, determined to spread their net more cautiously. His cause, indeed, was so ardently espoused by the populace, that nothing was heard in London but execrations against the conspirators, and such menaces as plainly demonstrated that the cabal would find it impossible to take away his life under the colour of law, without running the risk of some dangerous convulsion in the state. They, therefore, resolved to accuse him of some crime, which, without immediately affecting his life, would furnish them with a pretext for committing him to close imprisonment,

during which he might be privately despatched without noise or disturbance.

For this horrid purpose they convoked a parliament to meet at Bury St. Edmunds; and, in the mean time, (meaning to make his absence a plea for his arrest) they employed emissaries to caution him against repairing to the parliament, where he would certainly be accused of divers crimes and misdemeanors. They assured him that measures were already taken for his condemnation; and that his enemies had chosen Bury St. Edmunds for the scene of their malice, because it was at a distance from London.

This noble and good prince, secure in the consciousness of his own innocence, gave no heed to such insinuations, and would not, by absenting himself from the parliament, give any one the least occasion for supposing him guilty of crimes to which he was a stranger. He went to St. Edmundsbury at the time appointed, but, on the very first day of the session, he was arrested and committed to prison, on a preconcerted information charging him with a design to assassinate the king, seize the crown, and deliver his wife from the castle of Kenilworth, where she was detained a prisoner. The people doubted not that he would acquit himself honourably on his trial, and they therefore felt the less anxiety for him. The unfortunate prince, however, had no opportunity of manifesting the falsity of the charges brought against him; for, after being confined seventeen days without any trial, he was found dead in his bed. He is supposed by every unprejudiced person to have been deprived of life by some vile contrivance of his enemies. Henry

himself was not suspected of being concerned in this tragedy, but Margaret was universally regarded as the author of the deed, and cursed by the people with the most bitter imprecations. It may easily be imagined that the queen and her favourite, Suffolk, who was then in power and prosperity, having once brought their minds to contemplate, and their hands to execute, such a deed, rejoiced at its completion, and thought themselves secured in the possession of dominion, when they had spilt the blood of a prince who had valiantly, uprightly, and politically governed the realm for twenty-five years.

But, "there is a God above who rules the earth," and the weakness of human knowledge and foresight has no stronger example than in the fate of the Duke of Gloucester. By his death, Margaret vainly fancied herself raised above all opposition; whereas, the very deed proved the introduction of the numberless calamities which she and her family underwent in the sequel, by furnishing the Duke of York with an opportunity to advance his pretensions to the crown, which he would not have presumed to publish, in all probability, during the life of the Duke of Gloucester.

Had the Duke of Gloucester lived, then the Duke of York durst not have put forth a claim to the crown —had he lived, the nobles would not have conspired against the king—nor would the Commons have rebelled—had he lived, in short, the House of Lancaster had not fallen, and been destroyed. His death brought about every thing that Margaret would have avoided, and deprived her of all that for which she had committed so foul a crime. Nor did the Cardinal of Winchester long survive the death of his ad-

versary, in which we are told he had a principal share. In less than five weeks after the murder of the good Duke Humphrey, the haughty prelate was seized with a distemper, which brought him to his grave, and he died in all the terrors of a guilty conscience. The Cardinal's death deprived the Queen and her favourite, Suffolk, of the great weight and influence which was attached to his power and immense fortune; and left the marquis more than ever exposed to the hatred and invectives of the people. This, however, was a circumstance to which the queen appeared totally indifferent; she seemed to despise the murmurs of the nation, and, in defiance thereof, raised Suffolk to the dignity of Duke, maintaining a degree of intimacy with him that proved but little advantageous to her interests or her character. He was abhorred as the author of Gloucester's murder, and as the traitor who had given away the English territories in France; but he was still more implacably detested for having effected the marriage between Henry and his queen, which was looked upon as one of the greatest calamities that had ever happened to England.

Margaret, it is true, made use of the king's authority to screen her own odious measures; but the violent and arbitrary rule of a foreign princess had now become generally hateful to the people.

In consequence of this universal odium, and the insignificance of the king, who had only the semblance of reigning, Richard, Duke of York, began privately to circulate amongst his friends and adherents, and also amongst the governors of the principal cities and towns, the proofs of his title and right to the crown; he also took occasion, through

his emissaries, to point out that the English were now groaning under a double usurpation: that of the House of Lancaster, and that of Margaret, who had assumed a power that she had no right to exercise; and which was felt more particularly galling in her, as she was descended from a family who had always been amongst the mortal enemies of England. The circulation of these insinuations raised up a great number of partisans to the Duke of York; and, at this time, also, the aspect of affairs in France became very threatening. Indeed it was evident that any circumstance, just or unjust, would be grasped at by Charles of France to sanction the breaking of the truce. Nevertheless, so culpably indifferent had the British cabinet become, that no measures were taken to avoid it; so that, apparently, Margaret, having no children of her own to engage her interest and affection in the cause of England, co-operated with the designs of her family in France, and, by her negligence, favoured the expulsion of the English troops from her native country.

The storm which began to thicken round the head of the queen might well have appalled her, even with the aid of an approved ministry, and the love of the people; but she now saw it approaching, with no one of established fame or credit to support her party; herself the object of general hatred, and the French perfectly aware of the unprepared state of the English. A rebellion had just broken out in Ireland, which prevented the necessary supplies from being sent to France; and Charles, being now in a condition to renew the war, made so good a use of his time and of the inability of England, that in a

short space the whole of Normandy was again under the dominion of the French crown. This, combined with the rapid progress which Charles's arms were making in other parts of France, produced a violent effect on the impatient humour of the English. The queen and Suffolk were publicly reproached with having betrayed the state in favour of the French monarch, and circumstances occurred every day to aggravate the public hatred.

Under the inducement of a year's pay in advance, held out by the treasurer, who, as well as each of the others then filling posts of dignity or profit, was a subservient creature of Margaret and the favourite, the Duke of Buckingham had raised a numerous body of men-at-arms, but was disappointed of the promised pay. Indignant at being compelled to break his word with the troops, he returned to court, from the sea-side where they were ready to embark, and, resigning his commission, said boldly to Henry, "Sir, take heed of your government; you are misled by traitors. If I had landed in Normandy with your forces, I am persuaded we should have been sold to the enemy."

Suffolk being present, and supposing this declaration aimed at him, was so incensed that he drew his dagger, and would have slain the duke, had not the bystanders interposed. Such insolence in the royal presence roused even Henry's indignation, and he was with difficulty dissuaded from sending him to the Tower. This completed the aversion of the people to the queen and Suffolk, and libels upon them were affixed even to the very doors of the churches, and every remarkable place in London.

Confusion and dissatisfaction continued daily to

increase; parliament was called, but was found very backward in furnishing a supply, though the necessities of the crown were urgent; and, moreover, it was strongly disposed to prosecute Suffolk. It had been prorogued from Westminster to London; and, during the interval, the city was filled with tumult and uproar. Adam Molyns, Bishop of Chicester, was murdered by the populace, for being concerned in the cession of Maine: and he, in his last moments, charged Suffolk with having boasted of a very suspicious degree of influence at the French court. But we will not tediously follow all the means that were used by the people to overthrow, or by the queen to support, him. As we have before stated, he was impeached and confined to the Tower. Henry did not urge against him the article for high treason; but, out of his own clemency, to screen him from the fury of the people, banished him for five years, to which sentence he willingly submitted; but, as we have seen, he was taken at sea, and beheaded without mercy. The queen's grief, upon this occasion, was so violent, as to have caused some historians to remark that it was considerably greater than the loss of a political ally could warrant.

Many popular commotions took place after the death of this nobleman; the whole nation was in a high state of agitation, and nothing to be heard but complaints against the queen and the ministry. Insurrections broke out, murders were committed, and the war with France still continued, much to the disadvantage of the English. The queen, to gain popularity, seeing that the discontents took their rise from the state of affairs in that kingdom,

sent thither an aid of four thousand men, which, however, were defeated before they could join their comrades, and their commander was taken prisoner.

The Duke of Somerset succeeded Suffolk in the queen's favour, and soon became odious to the people. The Duke of York still carried on his measures in regard to the crown, upon which he was arrested; but the queen and Somerset dreaded to execute their desire to destroy him, for fear of the populace, among whom he had acquired great influence and favour. They had likewise received false intelligence that his son was advancing to his succour, at the head of a large army; and they foresaw that his death would involve them in a civil war. These considerations induced them to set the duke at liberty, though their own safety, and that of the House of Lancaster, seemed to demand the sacrifice of his life. They compelled him, however, to take a new oath of allegiance to Henry, and then permitted him to retire to his estate.

In the year 1453, Queen Margaret was delivered of a son, on the 13th of October: he was named Edward, and created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; and it was generally hoped that this son would attach the queen more warmly to the interests of England.

About this period, Henry was seized with a violent distemper, which affected both his mind and body; but he seemed doomed, by his unfortunate marriage with the ambitious and intriguing Margaret, to taste neither public nor domestic peace. The clamour against her and the ministry was still

great. The Duke of York had consulted his especial friends, among whom were many noblemen of the first character for sense and integrity, how he might best act, so as to establish his title to the throne without the appearance of usurpation. He did not conceive himself bound in the smallest degree by an oath forced from him in his confinement, and persisted in his intention to assert his pretensions with the first convenient opportunity. By their advice he resolved to proceed, in the first place, against Somerset, and, if possible, gain a majority in the council; but this aim he carefully concealed. In consequence of the king's having suffered a dangerous relapse, the parliament was adjourned; and, during this interval, the secret friends of the Duke of York, who still kept up the appearance of attachment to Margaret's party, insinuated to the queen and Somerset that, considering the present agitated state of the nation, they had no reason to expect parliament would favour their views; that, while the king enjoyed a good state of health, the orders issued in his name were supposed to be dictated according to his will and direction; but that, during the prevalence of his distemper, their administration would want the sanction of his authority; and in all probability the parliament (in compliance with the sense of the nation) would appoint a new ministry. This event was of all others to be dreaded by Margaret and her cabal; and, on its being farther stated that, to prevent this misfortune, it would be necessary to admit into the council the Duke of York, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, and some other popular noblemen, to convince the public that they had no intention to

govern by despotic authority, the advice appeared so plausible that the queen and her favourite fell headlong into the snare, and those noblemen were created members of the council before the meeting of parliament.

They were no sooner firmly fixed in this new station, then they destroyed the credit of their adversaries; and went so far as to arrest the Duke of Somerset in the queen's chamber. He was thence conducted a prisoner to the Tower. The parliament was immediately prorogued, to give time for the Duke of York and his adherents to tamper with the members; and the council gave a commission to the duke, empowering him to hold the session as representative of the king. The first days of that assembly were spent by the Commons in preparing an impeachment against Somerset, for the loss of Normandy by his misconduct. But fortune again turned in favour of the queen; for, before matters were brought to the proper point, the king recovered from his dangerous illness, and the authority in Parliament which had been vested in the Duke of York of course ceased. The Duke of Somerset was released from his imprisoment, and the administration returned into its former channel; for the Duke of York did not yet think his affairs so much matured as to enable him to dispute the pleasure of the king. Queen Margaret and the Duke of Somerset now regained all their influence; and had also acquired a complete insight into the views of the York party, which, used with moderation, might long have warded off hostilities; but, Somerset having set up a claim to the governorship of Calais—which in right belonged to the Duke of York, as Henry had

granted it to him for seven years—the king, thinking to decide the dispute by an award to neither, declared himself governor of that place.

This conduct gave such offence to the Duke of York that he retired from court, where he had nothing but disgrace and opposition to expect from Margaret and Somerset, whom he was now determined to attack in a more effectual manner. The release of his rival from the Tower, contrary to the inclination of the people, was a pretext he used very successfully to gain the public to his interest; and, immediately retiring to Wales, he speedily levied a numerous army, with which he advanced against the king, who had assembled his troops and marched out of London to give him battle.

Even at this crisis, the horrors of civil war might have been averted, had not the base favourite of Queen Margaret persuaded her to the unfortunate measures she now took.

The Duke of York was accompanied by the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. These noblemen sent a letter to the king, from Royston, containing strong professions of zeal and attachment to his person, demanded admission to his presence, that they might vindicate themselves from the calumnies of their enemies, and inform him of the misconduct of his ministers; who they desired might be tried, and acquitted or punished according to their delinquency. This letter was enclosed in another to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the prelate sent it by a particular messenger to the king; but, by the villany of Somerset and Thorp, (another creature of Margaret's,) it was intercepted. York and his associates renewed their request when they arrived in

the neighbourhood of St. Albans, where it was rejected with disdain, and they were threatened with the penalties of high-treason; but little did Margaret and her counsellors foresee the sorrowful consequences of such proceedings. Warwick was so exasperated at this contemptuous treatment, that, without waiting for the Duke's directions, he furiously attacked the king's army, and, in spite of all the efforts of Somerset, it was thrown into irremediable confusion. York then advanced with equal impetuosity, and the Royalists were totally routed with the loss of five thousand men.

The Duke of Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Strafford, Lord Clifford, and several officers, were slain upon the spot. Henry himself, having received an arrow in the neck, and being abandoned by his army, retired into a small house, which was speedily invested. The Duke of York and his confederates were no sooner informed of the monarch's situation, than they ran thither; and, falling on their knees before him, declared that the enemy of the public being now dead, they were entirely devoted to his service, and ready to obey him. Henry's fears being allayed by this declaration, he begged of them, in the name of God, to put a stop to the carnage. The duke immediately ordered a retreat to be sounded and proclamation made to prevent farther effusion of blood; when they respectfully conducted Henry to St. Albans, and from thence to London.

The parliament was speedily assembled, but, in consequence of the king's suffering a relapse, the Duke of York was ordered to open the assembly in his name. The conduct of York, Salisbury, and

Warwick, was justified by both houses. They decreed, also, that the nation had been misgoverned by the Queen and the Duke of Somerset, who had abused the goodness and confidence of his majesty —that the late Duke of Gloucester had been unjustly accused—that the mischief occasioned by the battle of St. Albans should be imputed to Somerset and his adherents, who had concealed the letter from his majesty, which would have prevented the engagement. The king, being often pressed to name a protector, at length fixed on the Duke of York, till the Prince of Wales should be capable of exercising the high trust.

The queen did not behold the success of York with idle resignation: she was too deeply concerned to look upon it with indifference. Margaret, with all those who had lost relatives at the battle of St. Albans, breathed nothing but vengeance. They saw, in common with the other princes and nobles allied to the house of Lancaster, that the Duke of York took large strides towards the throne; and had resolved to exert their utmost endeavours to stop his progress. In the mean time, he astonished his enemies by living in seeming security, exerting himself only to acquire the love of the people, and prepare for a favourable opportunity to broach his pretensions. For this purpose he endeavoured to show his conduct to be uninfluenced by passion or interest, by leaving the king and queen at perfect liberty to act as they thought proper, thinking also that he could not be deprived of the patent the king had granted him for the dignity of protector, as the consent of the parliament would be necessary to revoke it.

The queen, however, was too active and enterprising to be deterred from her purpose by slender obstacles, and she resolved to seize the opportunity soon afforded by the king's restoration to health to deprive York of the protectorship. The parliament re-assembling, Henry appeared in person, and declared from the throne that, as he now enjoyed perfect health and was able to resume the reins of government, the kingdom had no farther need of a protector, and he therefore desired they would release the Duke of York from that troublesome office. The parliament instantly consented, and York, though confounded, complied with a good grace; but, on pretence of having no farther business at court, retired with his friends into Yorkshire.

A little time after they had withdrawn, an insurrection took place in London, occasioned by a quarrel between an English and Italian merchant. The Dukes of Buckingham and Exeter, who were empowered to try and punish the delinquents, were prevented by the populace from executing their commission, and Margaret, suspecting that this tumult was excited by the partisans of the Duke of York, and thinking also that the king's person was not safe in London, conveyed him to Coventry, on pretence of change of air: though her real design was to be nearer the discontented lords, who had retired from the council. She had received intelligence from some of her spies that they had held several successive meetings in the North, and she resolved to arrest them, if possible, in Coventry; where they had fewer friends than in London.

Margaret of Anjou was a woman in whose mind the love of dominion was so strong, that it led her to

expose her life, and even her eternal happiness, for the possession of human greatness—that vainest of all vain shadows! Like others, who have obtained a certain pre-eminence, she still endeavoured to ascend higher, leaving virtue and honour often beneath her.

The insatiable nature of ambition was never better exemplified, nor the folly of yielding to its first allurements more strikingly shown, than in the character of Margaret of Anjou. Her marriage had elevated her from the situation of a portionless daughter of an impoverished prince to the throne of a sovereign governing a great nation, whose mild and pacific disposition yielded the sceptre to her hands. Dissatisfied with her awarded share of power, she thirsted for undivided sway, and thought to accomplish it by the murder of the good Duke Humphrey. By her double-dealing in regard to the letter, sent before the engagement near St. Albans, the blood of thousands dyed the field: yet, still pushing on, we see her rashly devising schemes for the destruction of those who were inimical to her views, and, though reaping nothing but execration from her exertions, heartlessly persevering in her purposes.

But to return to our narration. With the intention of drawing York, Salisbury, and Warwick into her snares, Margaret caused the king to write letters with his own hand, inviting them to court, and stating that he had occasion for their advice and assistance in an affair of the utmost consequence. They, unsuspicious of falsehood—imagining that he had at last opened his eyes with respect to the conduct of the queen and the ministry, and

was really desirous of their assistance, in order to reform the administration—resolved to comply with the invitation. Accordingly they each set out for Coventry; but, being apprized on the road of the queen's secret intentions, they suddenly changed their resolution and separated immediately, in order to provide for their own safety. York hastened to his estate on the borders of Wales, Salisbury to his own house in Yorkshire, and Warwick took shipping immediately for Calais. Though the queen was mortified at the disappointment thus produced, she, nevertheless, enjoyed the consolation of having parted three noblemen, whose union was so dangerous to her interest.

The mutual jealousies and machinations of the two parties were at this period interrupted by other considerations. The French and Scotch made aggressions upon different parts of the coast; but after various petty depredations had been committed, and many angry letters had passed between the kings, the affair was settled and the truce with Scotland renewed. All these disputes being happily terminated, Henry, who was naturally of a mild and pacific disposition, and dreaded nothing so much as domestic troubles, pressed his queen to listen to terms of accommodation with the York party. He was anxious that perfect concord might be effected, and desirous of receiving the Duke of York and his adherents with cordiality, hoping that all old grudges might be forgotten, and that, all ranks being once more friendly to each other, the safety and welfare of the realm might be thereby secured. The queen did not appear averse to these views, as it was evidently disadvantageous to prosecute a quarrel

with such powerful antagonists, when her administration was so odious to the people. On the other hand, York and his party did not think their scheme yet ripe for an open revolt against the established king; who, though a prince of mean capacity, had, by the innocence of his life and his devout character, acquired the good-will of his subjects.

Henry alone, in this matter, appeared to be what he really was: none of the others were without animosity. York could not forget the trap that was set for him and his party at Coventry; and the queen could still less forgive, because her perfidy had been discovered.

With all this rancour and deception in their hearts, however, they lent a willing ear to the overtures of peace and reconciliation which were made in the king's name by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates; and both parties agreed to meet at London, that all disputes might be amicably determined. Still the knowledge of the deep dissimulation of Margaret's character filled York with suspicion, which he signified to the king; who wishing perfect success to the objects of the meeting, and to allay every feeling of jealousy that could possibly arise, consented to his coming in a posture of defence.

What an astonishing, what a bright and magical change would the world undergo, were men suddenly taught to follow, in all their thoughts and actions, the rule of simple, undeviating truth! Their views, their tempers, their interests, might differ, but they would meet in mutual confidence, and blush at the very thought of tracing the wily, serpentine labyrinths of deceit; where often, even while the

subtle-minded politician flatters himself that he has attained the dark nook in which he can lie unperceived, the light bursts in upon him, and, to his utter confusion, penetrates and betrays his intriguing devices.

Notwithstanding all the amicable exertions of the king, the Duke of York and queen still distrusted each other's sincerity.

York came, attended by four hundred followers; Salisbury arrived at the time and place with a retinue of five hundred men: the first took up his quarters at Baynard's Castle, the latter at Cold Harbour. Warwick landed from Calais shortly after with six hundred in his train, and chose the Grey Friars for the place of his residence. The rest of the party lodged within the city. Somerset, Exeter, Northumberland, Egremont, and Clifford, repaired to the congress, with numerous retainers, and were lodged in the suburbs; whilst the mayor, with five thousand men, kept guard in the city, and patrolled the streets to maintain public tranquillity.

The conferences were begun; and, as every one wished to advance his own interest, the meeting would most probably have ended in tumult; but the prelates so exhorted and persuaded both parties, (though for a great while, they were neither listened to nor regarded,) that at last they entered more amicably into communication; and, after long and violent altercations about old injuries and recent offences committed by one against the other, the fear of domestic hostilities and foreign invasion brought them to a compromise; and written agreements were signed and sealed, promising friendship amongst themselves and obedience to the king.

This gave great joy to all, and especially to the common people, who ever bear the burden when princes choose to quarrel. Masses were founded for the souls of the people killed at St. Albans, and pecuniary satisfaction was made to their heirs. Both parties having solemnly promised to lay aside their animosity and to live together in perfect friendship for the future, the Duke of York and his associates were re-admitted into the council, and a public thanksgiving was appointed, with a solemn procession to St. Paul's. It is thus described by an old historian—

"At this solemn fast, the king appeared in the procession in royal habit, with his diadem upon his head: before whom went, hand in hand, the Duke of Somerset, Exeter, and Warwick, and some of the other sect. Behind the king, the Duke of York led the queen with great familiarity, in the sight of all men: but woe worth dissimulation and flattering countenances; fie upon double-dealing and cloaked adulation, which have been the servitors in all palaces, both imperial and regal, and, by their pestiferous venom and secret malice, have been the destruction of many a noble man, and the confusion of true-meaning and faithful persons! Their hands were joined, whose hearts were far asunder; their lips lovingly smiled, whose souls were inflamed with malice; their tongues spake like sugar, whose thoughts were all envenomed: but all those dissimulating persons tasted of the vessel of woe, as the wise man said, and few or none of this company were unblotted or undestroyed by this dolorous drink of dissimulation."

But to proceed. The treaty agreed to, at last,

with seeming unanimity, held forth the delightful hope of repose to a nation harassed by foreign and internal enemies. All effective measures against France had been checked by domestic quarrels, through which the blood of the parent and child had mingled on the same disastrous field, and the dearest ties of nature had been torn asunder in the furious struggle of the rival competitors.

This state of things seemed now past: and the bosoms of friends and brothers yielded again to the congenial feelings of love and confidence; but the temple of peace was but a brilliant shadow, and passed away as the rainbow, when the sun withdraws his beams.

The queen affected to treat the Duke of York with public marks of esteem and confidence; but, nevertheless, he knew there was little sincerity in her caresses. He and his adherents still dreaded some perfidy on the part of Margaret, of whose subtlety and want of good faith they had convincing and abundant proof; and they, therefore, very soon quitted the court on various pretences. The duke and Salisbury repaired to York, and Warwick returned to his government of Calais. In his passage he fell in with some ships belonging to Genoa and Lubec, and a quarrel ensued in consequence of their refusing to pay proper deference to the British flag. An engagement then took place, and he succeeded in sinking some, and carried the rest to Calais. The republic of Genoa complained to the king of this outrage, and Warwick was obliged to return to London and justify his conduct.

During his stay on this occasion, he from time to time assisted at the council. Whilst so engaged,

a domestic belonging to his train happening to quarrel one day with a servant attached to the king's household, the servant was wounded in the fray: all the retainers of the court immediately took to their arms, to revenge the injury inflicted on their companion. The delinquent made his escape, but, the disturbance continuing, the earl himself was attacked while returning to his barge. He and his suite were roughly assailed with swords, spits, and pitchforks; but, after a furious and lengthened scuffle, in which many of his men were maimed, wounded, and killed in his defence, he succeeded in reaching a wherry, and so escaped. Warwick immediately conjectured that the queen had contrived this scheme for his destruction; nor does it appear that this conjecture was ill-founded. It might be argued, against the suspicions of Warwick, that, though Margaret was an unprincipled woman, and utterly without probity, yet prudence alone would have prevented her from bringing so great an addition of odium upon her character, as the infringement of the amnesty, which had given so much satisfaction to the nation, could not fail to incur; and that she must, for her own sake, condemn rather than approve of such a proceeding, notwithstanding her desire for the destruction of Warwick. Yet history affords but too strong a proof of the correctness of his suspicions; and as fire pent up will burst out with additional fury, so the restrained malice and hatred of Margaret, having become more intense, and her desire for the destruction of the York party too vehement for concealment, rent asunder every shackle imposed by charity, judgment, or moderation. In this, it is true, she acted with

passion and vindictiveness, instead of policy and reflection; and was led to betray, unnecessarily, her duplicity in regard to the pacific intentions which she had but lately professed.

If any doubt existed, she did not suffer it long to prevail; for on the same day she commanded Warwick to be apprehended—having procured the king's warrant for the purpose—and to be committed a prisoner to the Tower; where, if he had once entered, his days would soon have been at an end: but, through private friends, he received intelligence of the queen's intention; and, eluding pursuit, retired to his father, the Earl of Salisbury, in order to consult about the necessary measures to be taken against the queen, upon whose promises, engagements, and oaths, they could place not the least dependence.

Again was the fair land of England (separated, as if by the especial blessing of Providence, from the feuds of other nations,) to mourn the destruction of her children, through the guilty ambition of a vicious and deceitful woman.

The Duke of York, with the Earl of Salisbury, and his son, Warwick, agreed in opinion that this last attack was a snare laid for the life of the latter, by Margaret; and, as this nobleman was the idol of the army, it was determined that they should make it a pretence for declaring open war against the queen and her adherents.

All things being thus arranged, Warwick returned immediately to Calais, to secure that fortress; and York began to levy forces in Wales; while Salisbury assembled five or six thousand men, with which he intended to advance to London, and de-

mand satisfaction for the outrage committed upon his son, Warwick.

During this time, Margaret set out with the king, on a progress through the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Chester, in order to conciliate the affections of the people; and, by means of her artful behaviour and assumed affability, she formed a strong association in behalf of herself and her son Edward. She issued a commission to the Lord Audley, to assemble troops, and prevent the Earl of Salisbury, who was now on his march with a small body of forces, from joining the Duke of York, who had advanced as far as Herefordshire. He accordingly proceeded against Salisbury with ten thousand men, and the two armies came in sight of each other on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. The earl resolved to give battle to Audley, though his army was not above half the number; and, taking advantage of a rivulet, by which they were parted, Salisbury made a feint of retreating, as if he had been afraid of an attack. Audley, on this supposition, passed the rivulet, with great precipitation, in order to pursue the fugitives. When part of his troops had crossed the brook, however, the earl suddenly wheeled about, and fell upon them with such impetuosity before they could form, that, after an obstinate ingagement of five hours, the royalists were utterly defeated, with the loss of their general, and twenty-four hundred men slain upon the field of battle. Salisbury, having thus cleared his passage, marched into Wales, and joined the Duke of York, who was still engaged in raising forces in that principality.

Margaret, to repair this misfortune, and oppose

the farther progress of the Yorkists, assembled forces with incredible rapidity, appointing Coventry as the rendezvous; while her enemies wrote to Warwick to join them with some troops from Calais. He accordingly came over with part of the garrison, under the command of Sir Andrew Trollope, an officer of great reputation. The king's army began its march from Coventry towards Ludlow, where the rebels lay encamped; and, halting at Gloucester, offered a pardon to the insurgents, provided they would lay down their arms.

They replied that they would confide in no such promises, which were only snares for their destruction; but that they were ready to submit to the king, provided he could find any security for the performance of his engagements. Henry, finding entreaty vain, once more advanced to give them battle. They then wrote a letter to him, stating that their sole object in taking up arms was to defend themselves against the attempts of their enemies—that they had no intention of fighting, unless forced so to do—that all they required was a reformation of the abuses which had crept into the government through the misconduct of the ministry—and that they besought his majesty to consider them as his faithful subjects, who wished for nothing so much as to be reinstated in his favour.

The queen, imputing all this submission to fear, approached within half a mile of them in the evening, resolving to give battle the next day; and, in the mean time, dispersed through the enemy's camp a proclamation, promising pardon to all those who should lay down their arms and submit. This expedient produced a surprising effect; the Duke of

York's troops, supposing from this that the king had a great superiority of strength, began to withdraw instantaneously. At the same time, Sir Andrew Trollope, perceiving, for the first time, the Duke of York's design upon the crown, deserted in the night with his detachment; and his example was followed by such numbers, that the lords, fearing they should be wholly abandoned before daybreak, consulted their safety in flight. Some few of the officers and soldiers who submitted were put to death for example sake, and the remainder were dismissed unpunished.

Finding her affairs thus favourably situated, and little doubting that the Duke of York would speedily endeavour to foment another rebellion, the queen thought to destroy his chief support, and render him powerless for the future, by ordering at the present prosperous juncture a commission to issue for searching after and suppressing, throughout all the counties and towns in the kingdom, those who had served him most, and were best able to advance his interests. This precautionary measure, however, had the very reverse of effect that she intended; by throwing the country, particularly the disaffected districts, into a state of excitement highly advantageous to her opponents. Nevertheless, Margaret now pushed her advantage: the parliament was moved to declare York and his adherents guilty of high treason: while their estates were confiscated, and they and their descendants rendered incapable of succeeding to any inheritance for four generations.

Thus did the queen exert the whole vigour of her mind to crush the malecontents, but Warwick was

so beloved by the nation in general, that the succours which she sent against him to her own party in France fell into his hands; and, after various other small successes by sea and land, the confederates were enabled once more to join their forces and march to London; having dispersed a manifesto in England, disclaiming on their part every desire but that of re-establishing the rights and privileges of their countrymen, for which purpose they solicited the assistance of all true-hearted Englishmen. So many now responded to the call, that they entered the city, heading a force of forty thousand men, firmly devoted to their service.

The army of Margaret being likewise completed, the command was giving to Somerset and Buckingham; though she herself in fact retained its control, and issued all the orders in the name of Henry, who was there in person.

The young Earl of March, son of the Duke of York, hearing that the queen was advancing to London, where the confederate Yorkists were, left the Earl of Salisbury with a part of his troops in the capital, and marched out with the Earl of Warwick at the head of five and twenty thousand men, to make their attack before her army should be increased. The two armies met near Northampton, after Margaret had passed a river which divided them. Another proposal was made to the king similar to the last, which was only looked upon as a mere ceremony to save appearances; and, being rejected as such, both sides prepared for an action. The malecontents drew up their army in order of battle; the Earl of Warwick commanding the right wing; Lord Cobham the left; and the Earl of March

taking his station in the centre. The royal army was commanded by the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham. The queen remained at a little distance, where she could observe the events of the action, and give her directions according to the emergency of the occasion; whilst Henry remained in his tent, awaiting the result of a battle upon which his crown depended. Margaret had given great encouragement to her friends for exertion, and promised ample rewards to all those who should assist her. The Yorkists having published general orders to respect the king's person, and to spare the common soldiers, but to give no quarter to the officers, proceeded to the attack. The action continued with equal fury on both sides for many hours; when the Lord Grey de Ruthven, who commanded a considerable body of troops in Henry's army, revolted to the rebels. This unexpected defection threw the rest of the king's forces into such consternation, that they forthwith began to give ground, and were routed with great slaughter.

Many persons of distinction were killed on the spot. The queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Somerset, fled with precipitation, and did not halt till they got to Durham. Henry fell into the hands of the victors, who treated him with all the exterior respect due to their sovereign; and this deference, in some measure, consoled him for the mischance of the day, which would have rendered him a very great object of compassion, had not his natural indolence and want of sensibility fortified him against all the vicissitudes of fortune. He was conducted to Northampton, and from thence to London, with all the marks of honour and regard, and

surrounded by a crowd of noblemen and others, who had so lately contended against him in the field of battle. Many of his subjects loved Henry, and he was to all rather an object of compassion than blame, being entirely under the dominion of a woman whose nature was of so vindictive a cast, that, in spite of her eminent beauty, her look is said to have inspired terror in all those with whom she was in the least displeased.

As to Margaret—not thinking herself secure in Durham, she retired privately to Wales, to elude the search of her enemies, and from thence into Scotland. Immediately on the arrival of the king in London, the Tower, which had hitherto strenuously held out, surrendered for want of provisions; and Lord Scales, the governor, suspecting what would be his fate as a friend of Margaret's, took a wherry privately, to make his escape to the queen. But he was watched for by some watermen belonging to Warwick, who recognised him through his disguise; and slew him on the Thames with darts and daggers, leaving his naked body at the gate.

Henry was received in London with but a feeble welcome; he there speedily assembled the parliament, and assisted personally at its deliberations. The Duke of York, having been apprized of his son's success, returned immediately from Ireland, and went directly to the House of Lords, which was then sitting. He entered, and placed himself under the canopy, with his hand upon the throne, expecting that he should be desired to ascend, but the whole assembly maintained a profound silence; and, after waiting some time, he retired, and next day sent

the reasons in writing whereon he founded his claim to the crown. Many differences arose as to his right of having this read; and it was determined to proceed no farther without communicating the affair to his majesty; upon which Henry desired that the claim might be considered by his judges, serjeants, and attorney. They, however, declined giving an opinion in a matter above their cognizance; and the Lords, after another discussion, ordered the serjeants and attorney to come and defend the king's title: and resolved that there should be an entire freedom of debate, and, that no one should be called in question for the opinion he might advocate.

Many arguments were advanced on both sides in this most remarkable dispute, and legal knowledge, ingenuity, and great personal feeling were abundantly displayed for Henry. One of the arguments which (notwithstanding its intrinsic weakness) influenced the parliament not a little was, that, as he had reigned for thirty years, and led an innocent and inoffensive life, it would be cruel to deprive him of the crown.

The Yorkists, however, observed upon this that, as Henry was incapable of governing by himself, such indulgence would only operate in favour of the queen and her ministers, who abused his name and authority; and that, out of tenderness for him, and a benevolent motive of charity, they ought not to commit a flagrant piece of injustice to the whole kingdom.

After many days had been spent in this discussion, a sort of compromise was agreed to; which was extremely moderate, considering the time and circumstances under which it took place. The na-

tion was then in a state of the highest excitement; the minds of men irritated even to madness, by domestic broils of the most cruel character, as well as by the loss of foreign territories, so valuable and so dearly purchased; and, above all, by the memory of those whose blood had been shed at home, and which appealed directly to every man's bosom, crying loudly for vengeance against a woman who had caused the torch of discord to be lighted in a country, which would in all probability have remained happy but for her, under the mild and equitable rule of the good Duke of Gloucester.

It was unanimously resolved, then, that Henry should enjoy the crown for his natural life, and that the Duke of York should be declared his successor. This resolution was accepted by the king, and was afterwards reduced to an act of parliament, which stated, that though the Duke of York had an incontestable right to the throne, yet he consented to Henry's occupying it, and even to take an oath of allegiance to him as lawful sovereign; but, in case Henry should in any shape violate this agreement, the crown should from that moment devolve to the Duke of York, or his lawful heirs.

After this act had passed, the king, with the crown upon his head, went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, accompanied by the Duke of York, in token of reconciliation; and York was afterwards solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm. Henry, leaving the government to be managed under his name and authority, lived in retirement and tranquillity, wholly abandoning himself to exercises of devotion.

The Duke of York knew that these arrangements

would be very galling to the queen; but, having possession of the king's person, he required him to summon the queen and her son to London. He was sure indeed that she would refuse, being more used to rule than to obey, and thus give him an opportunity of pursuing such decisive measures in regard to her as he had been long anxious to adopt. He wished to deliver himself from such an active enemy, and thought nothing but a pretext was wanting, believing her to be absolutely without a resource. But in this he was mistaken; Margaret had too much courage and determination to yield tamely to difficulties; though it is much to be lamented that her rectitude of conduct was not equal to her other qualities. The misfortunes of her husband, far from dispiriting her, seemed only to endue her with a more ardent desire to triumph over her enemies. She had by this time returned to England with her son, the Prince of Wales, and had raised an army of eighteen thousand, or, as some historians say, twenty thousand men, in the northern counties, by politically causing a report to be diffused among them, that they should be allowed to pillage all England south of the Trent. This expedient failed not to realize her utmost expectations, and placed her at the head of a respectable force.

The protector, hearing of these doings, though unaware, as it would seem, of their extent, placed his trusty friends, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Warwick, about the king; and, with the Earls Salisbury and Rutland, and from four to five thousand men, left London, to arrest Margaret in her career. Orders were left with his son, the Earl of March, to conduct the army which remained into quarters

of refreshment in Wales, and afterwards to join him in the northern counties. The duke was surprised at hearing, as he advanced, of the queen's great success in levying troops; and, in the neighbourhood of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, having received intelligence that she was in full march against him with eighteen thousand men, he followed Salisbury's advice, by retiring to the castle of Sandal near Wakefield; where, as the queen had no artillery, his forces remain secure until he should be joined by his son, Edward. The queen, having with her the prince her son, all the nobility of the northern parts, and a force of about eighteen thousand men, to oppose to scarcely five thousand, was determined if possible to attack the Duke before any aid arrived. For this purpose she hastened after York to his castle of Sandal, and employed a successful artifice to induce him to quit that retreat before his son's arrival. She first pretended to continue her journey southward; and then, having placed the greater part of her troops behind an eminence, with the rest she approached the castle of Sandal, provoking the Duke of York to battle by the most insulting language. The duke was counselled by his best friends and oldest followers to remain in the castle till the arrival of his son. Sir David Hall was particularly earnest that he should defend Sandal with his small number, but the duke replied with great heat:

"What, Davy," he cried, "hast thou loved me so long, and now wouldst have me dishonoured? Thou never sawest me keep fortress when I was regent in Normandy, and the dauphin himself came to besiege me with his puissance; but, like a man, I issued forth and fought with mine enemies to their

loss (thank God) and mine honour. If I kept not within walls for a great and strong prince, shall I for dread of a woman? Announce my banner in the name of God and St. George, for I will fight with them, though I should fight alone!"

The Earl of Salisbury, and his other friends, seeing his resolution was unalterable, gave way; and the attack was begun by York, who charged the queen's troops with great impetuosity; but her numbers overbalanced his courage; and those who had been posted in ambush behind the hill, falling suddenly upon the rear of his troops, created such disorder in the ranks, that the Yorkists were immediately routed. The duke himself was slain fighting valiantly on foot, and many gentlemen, with about two thousand eight hundred soldiers, met the same fate.

During this battle a priest, named Sir Robert Asspell, chaplain and tutor to the Duke of York's second son, the Earl of Rutland, then scarcely twelve years old, seeing the disasters of the day, sought secretly to convey the earl out of the field; and was proceeding towards the town, when he was espied by Lord Clifford, who followed and took him, and, observing his apparel, asked who he was. The poor boy knelt down with terror painted in his countenance, and in a supplicating posture held up his hands in speechless agony. "Save him," said the chaplain, "he is the son of a prince, who may do you good hereafter."—Clifford, looking at him fixedly, replied, "thy father slew mine, and so will I thee, and all thy kin." So saying, the cold-blooded tyrant struck him to the heart with his dagger, and bade his tutor bear the news to his mother and brother. He afterwards caused the Duke of York's

head to be cut off and set upon a pole, crowning it in mockery with a paper diadem. Some historians say that he thus presented it to the queen, who, with the rest of her followers, rejoiced over their dead enemy. The Earl of Salisbury, being wounded, was taken prisoner, and afterwards decapitated: his head was then placed, with the Duke of York's, over the gate of York.

Were we to take a cool and impartial view of the actions of men in general, when instigated by passion, or excited by interest, I fear, with all our prejudices and prepossessions, the sight would ever be humiliating to our race. From the petty advantage taken by the mean, up to the raging and overwhelming ambition of the great, the same principle alike actuates all, which is self-love. Men are so engrossed by the thoughts of worldly honours, that they lose sight of the divine injunction, to love their neighbours as themselves, and forget that there is a Supreme Power, who sees their motives as well as their deeds, and who will exact a strict account from each, thus most probably turning the evils which they commit against others with increased severity upon themselves, even by the natural consequences of their own actions.

We have already traced the progress of Margaret of Anjou through scenes of blood and evil; the phantom of power still blindly luring her to destruction, while each step seemed but to bring her nearer to the goal of her ambition. We now see her, with a laugh of triumph and derision, rejoicing over the pale and mangled corpse of him who so long stood in the way of her ambition, and vainly imagining that in his fall she has found the completion of all

her wishes. But, alas! she knows not what lies hid in the dark bosom of futurity.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who died in the battle of Wakefield, was a prince possessed of many great and amiable qualities, which attracted to his interests a large and influential party in the kingdom; and, could his object have been attained unaccompanied by that demoralizing strife of evil passions and the wanton sacrifice of blood which this struggle exhibited, England might have had cause to rejoice in his success; but, judging (as we are now able to do) the cause by its effects, it is much to be lamented that he began a contest which, for years after, involved his country in all the miseries of civil war. Such claims as his had before been disregarded in the succession of English kings, and, in the present instance, would most likely have been suffered to slumber, had not the murder of Duke Humphrey and the arbitrary measures of Margaret (permitted by the imbecile Henry) awakened an anxious desire in the nation to free themselves from so odious a tyranny.

The battle of Wakefield, which was fought on the 30th day of December, was so far from re-establishing the affairs of Margaret, that it served only to hasten their utter ruin.

Grief and indignation filled the heart of the Earl of March when he heard that his noble father and tender brother had been slain, with many good and faithful friends, at Wakefield. Yet, undismayed, sorrow but sharpened the ardour of his revenge, and, communicating the tidings to his allies, he urged his own jeopardy, and the unstable and ruinous state of the kingdom as an exhortation to in-

duce them to use every means in their power to strengthen the army already under his command.

The people on the marches of Wales, who favoured above measure the lineage of Lord Mortimer, were even more ardent in granting him aid than he was in asking it; so that he had soon an army of twenty-three thousand men, ready to take the field against the queen; with these he resolved to hazard every thing, and, if possible, to revenge the misfortunes she had brought upon his family. He hastened to seek Margaret, who had begun her march towards London; but, on hearing of young Edward's design, she detached Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, and Butler, Earl of Ormond, with a body of English and Irish troops, to oppose his progress. March having been informed of the queen's motions, and her designs to take him prisoner, changed his intentions, and, instead of going to London, as he had first determined, (hoping to have reached it before her,) altered his route, lest he might be entrapped between her army and that of Tudor and Ormond, and marched directly into Herefordshire, to give the Earls battle.

The two armies met near Mortimer's Cross, on Candlemas eve; and Edward being greatly superior in numbers to the Lancastrians, soon defeated them, with the loss of three thousand eight hundred men, killed on the field of action. Pembroke and Ormond escaped; but Owen Tudor, husband to Catherine of France, and step-father to Henry, was taken with nine other officers, and beheaded at Hereford.

Mean while, Margaret, attended by a great number of lords, continued her march towards London,

in hopes that, as soon as her victorious army should appear, the citizens would expel Warwick, and receive her in triumph. The oldest historians mention the great aversion that the people of London had to the reception of the queen: not only because they personally hated her, but also because they feared the Northern army, which was composed of freebooters, accustomed to rapine, and which had ravaged the whole country in their route. Yet, it would appear that Warwick had little faith in the City, for he gave up the security of the walls of London, and marched out with a handful of men to hazard an engagement—a step he would scarcely have taken, had he been secure of the affections of the citizens. Margaret had advanced as far as St. Albans, when she received intelligence that Warwick was on his march towards that place, with the king in his army, which was re-enforced with a body of Londoners. On Shrove-Tuesday, the two armies came in sight of each other, and engaged on Barnard's Heath, near St. Albans. For some time, the fortune of Warwick seemed to prevail; but Lord Lovelace, who commanded one of the wings, having wheeled off, the victory declared for Margaret. In this engagement the earl lost two thousand men in the action and pursuit, though he rallied his troops, and made an excellent retreat. Lord Bonvill and Sir Thomas Kyriel, to whose care he had committed the person of Henry, were persuaded to stay with that prince, on his assurance that they should receive no injury; but, contrary to the promise and desire of her husband, Margaret caused them to be beheaded, in the presence of her son, on Ash-Wednesday.

The chief advantage to Margaret, in this victory, was the release of Henry, under whose name she could again cloak her own deeds. Instead of making herself popular by mercy, as she now had the opportunity of doing in the case of Bonvill and Sir Thomas Kyriel, she preferred the exercise of cruelty—showing, at the same time, her culpable disregard of a solemn promise, which, though not made personally by her, should, nevertheless, have been considered as binding upon her.

Had Margaret advanced immediately towards the capital, the gates would probably have been opened to her victorious army, while the news of her success was operating strongly on the minds of the inhabitants. It is true, they were afraid of being plundered by her forces, who had already pillaged the town of St. Albans, but they were little in a condition to have opposed her. The ravages of her troops having soon occasioned a scarcity in the camp, she demanded a supply from the Mayor of London; who ordered seven wagons to be loaded with provisions; but they were stopped by the populace, who said boldly, "that their enemies, who came to spoil and rob them, should neither be relieved nor victualled by them"—nor would they yield to any representation made to them of the danger of their conduct. During this time many of the Northern horsemen robbed in the suburbs of the city, and would have entered it at Cripple-gate, but were repulsed by the people and some of them slain. It may readily be conceived, that the haughty and vindictive Margaret was enraged at seeing her orders disobeyed and her authority disputed; but the mayor, to excuse this proceeding, sent a depu-

tation to the queen, consisting of the recorder, the Duchess of Bedford, the Lady Scales, and several reverend fathers of the church, to endeavour to soften her resentment against the City. At their humble request, the queen and her council appointed certain lords and knights, and four hundred men, to ride to the city, to see the demeanour of the citizens; and several aldermen were appointed to meet and convey them to London, they being very desirous of mollifying the queen, who had denounced vengeance against the Londoners for this insult; which, it was but too much feared, she would fulfil to the utmost. But, while she looked for an opportunity of gratifying her resentment, the news was brought to the city and to herself, that the Earl of March had vanquished the Earls of Pembroke and Ormond; that Warwick, after the last conflict at St. Albans, had joined the Earl of March, at Chipping-Norton; and that they, with both their powers, were advancing to London.

This news altered entirely the purpose of the queen, who, not daring to trust herself either in Essex or Kent, and still less in London, set off, with her husband and son, to the North; where she hoped to increase her army to such a formidable number as would ensure success against all opposition.

While Margaret retreated to the North, where all her succour lay, the Earl of March, arriving in London, entered the city in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the people, by whom he was esteemed the prince and flower of chivalry, and adored for the affability and personal accomplishments, in

which he excelled all the princes of his age. His friends, trusting to his popularity, resolved, with the consent of the people and nobility, to raise him at once to the throne, without the trouble and uncertainty of a parliamentary decision. The populace were thereupon addressed by Warwick, given to understand that Henry had notoriously violated the agreement between him and the Duke of York, and that the crown now belonged to Edward Plantagenet, the sole and true heir of the house of Mortimer.

He then raised his voice, and asked if the people would have Henry of Lancaster for their king? The whole multitude at once answered, "No! No!" But when he demanded if they would acknowledge Edward, Earl of March, as their king, "Yes! Yes!" was replied, with loud acclamations. He was elected in the same manner, at a council of all the lords spiritual and temporal, magistrates and gentlemen, then in London, and his right to it explained and declared. This done, the crown was offered to the earl, who received it with a modest acknowledgment of his own insufficiency; adding that, though his youth and inexperience rendered him diffident in undertaking such a heavy burden, he would do his utmost endeavours, with God's assistance, to make his people rich and happy. These ceremonies being again repeated at St. Paul's Cathedral, and no dissentient voice heard, he received the homage of the nobility. Te Deum having been sung, he was conducted to the Bishop's Palace, in which the kings were accustomed to reside, and, on the 5th day of March, proclaimed by the name

of Edward the Fourth, in the city of London and its neighbourhood.

Margaret, whose courage and perseverance were the finest traits in her character, had, during these events in London, been using every endeavour to place her affairs in a state that would enable her again to struggle for the throne. Edward, who had attained the wished-for dignity, found that it required continual and increasing exertions for its support.

Eight days after he was placed on the throne he found himself obliged to begin his march against Margaret; who, by her unceasing efforts, and the zealous support of her Northern allies, found herself at the head of sixty thousand men, well devoted to her cause; so popular had she made herself by personally exerting the imposing and deceitful exterior she could so well assume. Edward, a young man, replete with the fire of youth, courage, and ambition, did not so much confide in his own election, which was certainly irregular, as in the strength of his faction, his own valour, and previous good fortune.

Putting himself, therefore, at the head of his forces, he set out for the North, in the hope of at once ending all dissension by striking some decisive blow against the queen and her adherents.

On his arrival at Pontefract, he detached Lord Fitzwalter to seize the pass of Ferrybridge, which was done without opposition. Henry and his queen, hearing of Edward's approach, had given the command of their army to the Duke of Somerset, while they themselves remained at York, waiting the issue *of the engagement.*

Somerset, on being informed that the pass of Ferrybridge was seized by Fitzwalter, concluded that the design of Edward was to give him battle; he, therefore, resolved to force back the troops of Fitzwalter to the other side of the river, and for this purpose sent a detachment, under Lord Clifford, who surprised the Yorkists, and drove them from the pass with great slaughter, after an obstinate action in which Fitzwalter and another commander were killed.

This disaster appeared very serious to Warwick, who had heretofore met the mischances of war with coolness if not indifference; but, in the present instance, he is said to have been much moved, and no sooner to have received news of the occurrence, than he rode full speed to Edward with the tidings, which he communicated with the greatest emotion. To convince his sovereign that his agitation did not arise from any personal fear, he alighted, and, plunging his sword into the breast of his horse, killed it on the spot, saying, "Let him fly who will, for surely I will tarry:" then, kissing the hilt of his weapon, which was in the form of a cross, swore that, should the whole army forsake the king, he would remain, and spend the last drop of his blood in his majesty's defence.

A French historian relates this circumstance, in regard to Warwick, somewhat differently, and appears better to account for the agitation he there showed. He says that Warwick, when he heard that the pass was lost, and that his uncle and other relations had fallen, rode in full speed to Edward; and, after recounting the events which had taken place, exclaimed, with extreme emotion, even to

tears, "I pray God to receive the souls of those who are slain!" Lifting his eyes to heaven, he continued, "Since I have no succour but Thee, my God! my Creator! grant vengeance to my sword!" so saying, he drew it, and kissed the cross of the hilt. Then, addressing his followers, "Whoever wishes to return," said he, "let him return. Whoever is afraid, let him depart.—As to me, I will live or die with those who remain." Then, leaping from his horse, he killed it on the spot with his sword.

Edward received the news of this check with perfect composure, and issued a proclamation to his army, stating that free leave was given to all those to return who wished to do so; if any were afraid to fight, they might depart immediately; but to those who remained, and did their duty, were promised great rewards; and to those who fled, or turned their back, in the battle, no mercy was ordered to be shown. Edward afterwards ordered Lord Falconbridge to pass the river Aire, a league above Ferrybridge, and retake the post. This was done with such secrecy and despatch, that the detachment had crossed the river and reached the pass before the queen's party had the least intimation of their design. They fell upon Clifford by surprise, and he and the brother of the Earl of Westmoreland were slain, and their forces completely routed.

It is affirmed by an old historian, that Clifford had taken off his gorget, when, in the first sudden onset, an arrow had transfixed him in the throat, upon which he immediately fell. So ended the mortal career of the cruel soldier, who slew young Edmund, Earl of Rutland, even while on his knees praying for mercy. His son, Thomas Clifford, was

brought up by a shepherd, disguised in mean attire, and living constantly in fear that his lineage should be discovered, till Henry the Seventh attained the throne, when he was restored to his name and possessions.

When the conflict at Ferrybridge was ended, Lord Falconbridge, who had the command of the vanguard, because the Duke of Norfolk had fallen sick, marched forward to Saxton, in the morning twilight of Palm Sunday, and there saw the Lancastrians, to the number of sixty thousand, occupying the fields between that place and Towton. The force of the Yorkists did not exceed forty-nine thousand; but, being all chosen men, Edward entertained no doubt of victory; still farther to ensure which, ere the battle commenced, he published an order that the soldiers should not encumber themselves with prisoners. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the same day that the hosts approached; when they perceived each other, they raised a great shout, and, it then beginning to snow, with the wind driving the sleet full in the faces of Queen Margaret's party, they could not see the enemy distinctly, nor judge, with any degree of accuracy, of the distance at which they were from each other.

The Lord Falconbridge, who was an experienced commander, taking advantage of this accident, ordered his archers to advance under cover of the storm towards Henry's line, let fly a shower of arrows, and immediately after retire to their former station. The Lancastrians, feeling the effects of this flight, believed the Yorkists to be within their reach, and plied their bows till their quivers were completely exhausted, without doing any ex-

ecution. Falconbridge then advanced with his archers, who, meeting with no opposition, slew a vast number of the enemy, with their own shafts picked from the field. The commanders on the other side, seeing the disadvantage under which they fought, advanced to close combat, when the battle was fought, on each side, with equal courage, obstinacy, and rancour; the taking of prisoners was proclaimed a great offence—all hope of life was set aside, and every man determined to conquer or die in the field—a dreadful resolution, but more particularly in such an unnatural warfare, where son fought against father, brother against brother, nephew against uncle, and tenant against lord.

This furious and deadly strife raged for ten hours. Edward and the Earl of Warwick exhibited the most extraordinary proofs of bravery, activity and conduct; and the fate of the day may be ascribed, in a great measure, to their personal exertions.

Towards evening, the Lancastrians, being disheartened by the great loss they had sustained in many of their best officers, began to give ground, though not in great disorder, intending to retreat to the bridge of Tadcaster. They preserved their ranks, and occasionally wheeled round to the attack, as they retired; but Edward and Warwick, pushing the advantage they had gained, animated their men, to make the action decisive; and, with the impetuosity of their last charge, the army of Margaret was completely broken and routed.

Great numbers were slain in the field and in the pursuit. Before the bridge of Tadcaster could be gained, there was a brook, or rather a small river,

called the Coe, which, although not broad, is of a considerable depth, which disembogues itself into the Worf; to this place the despairing fugitives fled, in the hope of fording the stream, and escaping in that way; but the current was so swollen by the rains, that it was not till a bridge had been formed by the dead bodies of their companions drowned in the attempt, that any were able to pass. This scene of horror was still farther increased by the vast numbers slaughtered on the banks, so that the waters of the Coe were purpled with their blood. Nor will this appear an exaggeration when it is remembered that above six and thirty thousand men were killed on this disastrous day.

Surely such a scene of death, where every eye that fell upon the mangled victims might recognise the ghastly form of a murdered brother or fellow-countryman, was enough to have softened the most ambitious and obdurate bosom. Even Margaret herself might have considered it, as it must ever be regarded, as the appalling sequel to the murder of the good Duke Humphrey, and on that field have found remorse at length.

The Dukes of Somerset and Exeter escaped with great difficulty, but the Earl of Devonshire was taken prisoner.

Immediately after this great victory, Edward advanced to York, in the hope of seizing the persons of Henry and Margaret; but this princess had retired with her husband to Berwick; where, being joined by Somerset and Exeter, she concluded a treaty with the Scottish ministry, and took refuge in that kingdom, where they met with a very hospitable reception. This kindness is said by some

historians to have been purchased by the session of Berwick to the Scots; an object they had long sought, but had hitherto been unable to obtain. Others call it a gift, from Henry's gratitude; but, however that may be, after James was in possession of the town, he faithfully supported the party of Margaret, and agreed upon a marriage between his sister and the young Prince of Wales, but which, from after events, was never solemnized.

Edward, on his arrival at York, ordered the heads of his father and the Earl of Salisbury to be taken down from the gates, and those of the Earl of Devonshire and some others whom he had beheaded as traitors to be set up in their stead.

It might be imagined that if Margaret had had a conscience vulnerable to the reproach of having been the occasion of so much misery and bloodshed to the English, she would now have foregone all farther attempts to regain her power in that kingdom, but such was not the case, though the battle of Towton had, for the time, decided the fate of the House of Lancaster, and she had no resources left but Scotland, from which she could expect but little assistance during the minority of James. Edward possessed England, and was making arrangements to employ the Scots, but, in order to gain time the more effectually to mature his plans, had proposed a truce to the Regency of Scotland, and appointed commissioners to treat on the subject. Nevertheless, Margaret had secured, by well conducted intrigues, a friendly reception at Edinburgh, and had even ingratiated herself with Mary de Guelders, the Scottish king's mother.

Edward was crowned, shortly after the battle of

Towton, at Westminster; and an act of Parliament was passed confirming his title, whilst Henry the Sixth, after a reign of eight and thirty years, was declared a usurper, and all his public acts annulled; added to which, himself, his queen, and all his adherents, were attainted. Many severities were likewise exercised, and the act of attainder was so framed as to include the young Prince of Wales, and a vast number of noblemen, whose estates were confiscated and given to the partisans of Edward. Some even were executed without so much as a trial, upon suspicion of being friendly to Margaret. Thus was retorted upon her and upon her party those bloodthirsty measures which their own cruelty had designed, but which their power was unable to accomplish.

It is said by some of the French writers of history at this time that, whilst Margaret was still resident in Scotland, given up to bitter reflections upon her defeats and the ruinous state of her affairs, and compelled to reject every hope of their restoration that suggested itself to her mind from the want of money to carry it into effect, a French merchant came to her in her solitude. He was established in Scotland, and had amassed considerable riches by the commerce he kept up with the Low Countries, and, after having expressed his compassion for her misfortunes, he called to her recollection a good turn she had done him in his youth at the Court of Nancy; and, explaining to her how far his situation enabled him to testify his gratitude, he offered her whatever aid she required in her present exigencies. Nothing could be more welcome than this offer; a vessel and a supply of money was all that she de-

sired: having obtained these from the merchant, she set out, leaving her husband in Scotland, and made a voyage to France with her son, to crave the assistance of Lewis; but that prince was not of a character to engage in any enterprise from which he saw no prospect of advantage.

He courteously received Margaret, who was his near relative, and even amused her with a hope of succour; but all she could obtain was a present of twenty thousand livres, and a declaration that all the adherents of the House of Lancaster should meet with a friendly reception in his dominions.

He likewise permitted her, the French historians say, to engage in her service all those who were voluntarily disposed to espouse her interest. She was still young, and, by the peculiar talents she possessed when her haughtiness would allow her to employ it, of gaining all hearts, might have advanced her affairs more than by any effect the king's consent could produce in her favour. She might possibly have found in those days as many champions as there were young nobles at the court. But, after having begun very happily, the vicious weakness of her character, which neither the weight of adversity nor the force of ambition had been able to correct, ruined all her best hopes. Among the young nobles who eagerly pressed round her, she was struck with the appearance of Peter de Brezé, Comte de Varenne, and Grand Seneschal of Normandy. This gentleman joined to much wit and elevation of sentiment a romantic turn of mind, which was at that period not rare at the court of France, but most vivid in such temperaments as his. He piqued himself upon sustaining the heroic gallantry of the time,

making it his glory to support the honour and interest of the fair sex, and to merit upon all occasions the title he took of their knight. To succour a queen, as celebrated for her courage as for her beauty, appeared to him an opportunity made expressly for all his chivalrous fancies. He offered her his fortune, which was considerable, and his sword, which was already signalized by many noble exploits. Either the queen hoped much from his promises, or, from some other motive, she showed him such a distinguished preference, that it gave disgust and umbrage to all the others who had felt a desire to serve her. Her usual policy seemed to have abandoned her; she neglected the offers of the young noblesse of France, and seemed to confine all her favour to the Seneschal, and to look upon the five hundred men which he had engaged to assemble under her standard as fulfilling all the views for which she had quitted Scotland. She put to sea with him, upon the vague expectation of a greater re-enforcement from the King of France, as soon as some of the English counties had declared for her, and certainly reckoned upon being joined by many adherents when her standard was again planted in Britain. Thus she approached the shores of England, with the full hope of again kindling the fire of war, and again filling the land with the cry of the widow and orphan, though the tear was still moist upon their cheek, and the wailings of sorrow had only for a little time sunk into the silence of despair.

During this interval of peace, the realms of England, by the care of Edward in arranging the resources of the state, and using every means to check

the intrigues which Margaret still carried on in Scotland, were verging towards a degree of tranquillity, after the storms by which it had so long been agitated. The Duke of Somerset and Ralph Percy, brother to the Duke of Northumberland, had returned, having implored the mercy of the king, by whom they were generously pardoned.

Margaret, upon her arrival in England, landed with her small force at Teignmouth; but, finding there a body of Edward's troops, and fearful of being surrounded, she retreated to the ships with the utmost precipitation. A furious tempest arose immediately after she had put to sea, which threatened the fleet with destruction. They endeavoured in vain to make the coast of France, and the vessel in which the queen was, being separated from the rest of the fleet, while the wind changed suddenly, was driven towards Berwick, and made the harbour with great difficulty; but their descent being opposed by the Bastard Ogle, John Manners, and others of King Edward's retinue, at the head of some forces, they retired to the small island of Lindisfarne, and set fire to their ships, being unable to get out to sea on account of the weather. There they were attacked, part of their number slain, and the rest taken prisoners. De Brezé himself made his escape in a fishing-boat to Berwick, where he joined Margaret, who bestowed upon him the government of Alnwick castle, which he shortly after took possession of, with a small party of his men who had been ransomed.

Edward, being informed of these occurrences, and supposing that Margaret was sure of succours in Scotland, with which she again meant to attempt

the counties of the north, detached Lord Montague to check and retard her progress with the troops that were at hand, till he should be able to follow himself with a numerous fleet and army to stop her career. Margaret, mean time, did not show any loss of courage; her boldness was nothing abated. She immediately, after the loss of her ships, gathered a great number of Scots and others, and leaving her son in Berwick, set off accompanied by her husband, and, entering Northumberland, took Bamborough Castle.

Having garrisoned it with Scots, and appointed Sir Ralph Gray commander, she came forward towards the bishopric of Durham attended by a large body of freebooters, who had enlisted on promise of being allowed to plunder. It is said that even Henry himself began to feel the value of a crown, now that his was in the possession of another, and had, in Scotland, made some attempts at the formation of an army. The queen's forces increased to such a degree, that the Duke of Somerset and Sir Ralph Percy, beginning to imagine that she might succeed in her undertaking, yielded to the suggestions of their versatile minds, and, notwithstanding their solemn oath given to Edward, joined her with all their adherents. Henry and Margaret had now arrived at Hexham, and took the resolution of encamping there, to assemble the forces which daily poured in to their assistance.

Montague, having advanced as far as Durham, halted some days in that place, in order to give time for an expected re-enforcement to come up; for so many of the old and attached friends of Henry had joined the dethroned monarch, and also such a

multitude had been attracted by the hopes of spoil promised by the queen, that the Lancastrian army was supposed to be as powerful as that of Edward. Montague, on continuing his march, fell in with a detachment of the enemy, on Hedgely Moor, commanded by the Lords Hungerford and de Roos, with whom were Ralph Percy and many others. They were soon routed, however, and all the nobles fled, except Ralph Percy, who was slain; but while he was dying, the thoughts of having deserted King Henry at his utmost need, and gone over to Edward, rose up in his mind; and the return to his allegiance seemed at that awful crisis to be his greatest comfort: he exclaimed with his last breath, "I have saved the bird in my bosom!" meaning that his heart and conscience now approved of his actions, or perhaps that he entertained hopes his guilt would be forgiven, as he died in the service of him he considered as his legitimate sovereign.

Montague, encouraged by this success, resolved to have the whole credit of defeating the queen, before Edward should come up. Accordingly, marching to Hexham, where her forces were intrenched, he immediately attacked them in their lines, and gained a complete victory; the Duke of Somerset being taken prisoner, together with the Lords de Roos and Hungerford. Henry had the good fortune to escape into Scotland, but his queen and son fled in another direction.

"King Henry," (says an old historian,) "was this day the best horseman in his company, for he fled so fast that no man could overtake him, and yet he was so closely pursued that some of his followers were taken almost at his side, and among

them one who carried his cap of state, garnished with two rich crowns, which was presented to King Edward at York."

The prisoners were not suffered to languish in confinement: some were immediately beheaded at Hexham, and the others at Newcastle and York; and their estates were afterwards distributed among the adherents of the victor. After this decisive battle, the king advanced no farther northward in person; but Warwick reduced some places which Margaret had taken. He invested Bamborough, Dunstanborough, and Alnwick: the first two soon submitted; but De Brezé, who commanded the garrison of Alnwick, composed of French troops, defended himself with great gallantry, till he and his men were brought off by the Earl of Angus, at the head of a strong body of Scotch cavalry. Edward's last victory, however, cooled the friendship, of the French and Scotch for the unfortunate Henry, whose affairs were now supposed to be desperate. The Scots speedily requested safe-conducts for ambassadors to treat of a pacification. Louis the Eleventh negotiated a truce with Edward for one year, and the Duke of Burgundy renewed the treaty of commerce between England and the Low Countries. A compact was likewise agreed upon between England and Scotland, that the respective kings should not in any shape countenance or assist the enemies of each other.

This last stipulation, giving Henry many very natural doubts in regard to the safety of his asylum in Edinburgh, as well as the fact of being abandoned by all his allies, induced him to take the imprudent resolution of repairing privately to England, and en-

deavouring if possible to persuade the northern counties again to rise in his favour. He accordingly set out from Edinburgh in disguise, attended by three divines, and reached Waddington Hall, in Lancashire, where, after he had lain concealed for some time, he was discovered by Sir James Harrington, who, most ungenerously, treated this unfortunate prince with the utmost indignity. He was taken while at dinner, and, being placed upon a horse, his legs were tied under the belly of the beast, as if he had been the vilest malefactor, and, in this contemptuous manner, conducted to London. Being met on the road by the Earl of Warwick, that nobleman insulted him in the most opprobrious terms, and even encouraged the multitude to deride the inoffensive and unhappy monarch. The horse upon which they placed him was a small and sorry creature, which was, possibly, to the unfortunate prisoner, the most galling indignity which could be offered; for, in those days of chivalry, kings and knights were distinguished from the other orders by their steeds, which formed a very important part of the equipage; and to have appeared upon any animal except one of the highest breed and spirit was considered as derogatory to the knightly character.

In this miserable plight, Henry was led through London, and Edward had ordered that no one should even salute him, "upon pain of a halter." In this manner, (to his enemies' disgrace,) he was taken towards the Tower, and made to pass three times round a sort of pillory, which had been previously erected, when they shut him up in that fortress. This mockery gave great disgust, and raised much pity in the bosoms of the citizens, but none

dared to express their thoughts. They felt, however, that Henry was not only guiltless of the miseries inflicted on his country, but was himself a martyr to the guilt and ambition of others; dragged from domestic privacy and the enjoyments of a calm and pious life, they knew that his heart was filled with kindness and benevolence to all his fellow-creatures, though he was made the passive instrument of bloodshed and cruelty. Nor was the ejaculation forgotten which he had uttered when the Duke of York, falling on his knees before him, declared the readiness of himself and friends to obey his commands, he exclaimed, "In the name of God, put an end to the carnage!"

The world in general is but too apt to consider a man who has conquered in the field and raised himself to the throne, or has valiantly fallen in the contest, as a great and noble character. Edward was, in this sense, a hero; and Warwick, in personal prowess, did not fall short of him. Although neither would have struck at his enemy when unhorsed and at his feet, yet both were base enough to insult Henry in the most unworthy manner—a clear proof that courage and meanness may be combined in the same person; and that, to form a truly great man, the heroic qualities of the mind must be in unison with those of the body.

We will now return to Queen Margaret, who had fled with precipitancy after the battle of Hexham, accompanied by her son. She had none in whose fidelity she could trust, and took refuge in the woods and deserts, suffering every privation and distress. On foot, without attendants, she gained a forest in the vicinity of the scene of the last bloody conflict,

which she entered, leading the young Edward by the hand. Night came on as she penetrated into the thickest part of the wood, and she was so far humbled as to thank Heaven for the shelter it afforded her. She had the brutes of the creation still to fear; but they were not so appalling as those she had escaped. No trace of human foot appeared: all was darkness and silence; yet the very deserted aspect of the place pleased her, inasmuch as it better suited her purpose; for the thought arose that here, where no path would lead chance passengers to a discovery, she might more securely than in any other spot conceal her son (upon whose life depended every hope) from the fury of his enemies. It was the beginning of summer; every thing was fresh and beautiful around them; and Margaret determined to remain in the forest of Hexham, till war had ceased in the neighbouring places, till some providential succour enabled them to return to Scotland with ease; or until her son, who was only eight years old, should be able to undergo a fatiguing journey on foot through Northumberland to Berwick. Here, shut out from the world, she delivered herself up to the bitterest reflections; and bitter they ought to have been, for the opportunity was lost which would have enabled her to have reigned in the hearts of the people of England, and spread peace and happiness around her. Had she but added fidelity and integrity to her natural strength of mind, and cultivated real goodness, instead of wearing the semblance only, she might have gained the end at which she aimed, and, through the mild character of her husband, have *been* gratified even in her passion for dominion.

But oh, how terrible was the reverse! She was now an outcast in her own dominions, flying with her child, without home or shelter, save the rude cavern or bleak wilderness, to save herself and him from a prison or death; while the blood of thousands of victims cried aloud for atonement. Well may we wonder that any human passion could be imagined sufficiently powerful to balance such misery; and yet the fiend, Ambition, still overruled every good principle in the bosom of Margaret!*

The dangers which elsewhere threatened imperatively demanded that here she should make her abode for the present; and, accordingly, she advanced at daybreak to seek some covert to screen her child from the weather. After making her way through the underwood, she came suddenly, we are told, in sight of several people who had been sleeping upon the turf, and who seemed to have passed the night there. Fear rooted her to the spot; and her terror was greatly augmented by perceiving that they had heard the noise of her steps, and were gazing on every side with great eagerness; so that she found it impossible to prevent their perceiving her. They rushed forward at the sight of a woman, dressed in a very rich habit, and that of a child, who bore every mark of superior rank, which appeared at first to inspire them with some respect. They paused, however, but for a moment, their real avocation being robbery; and, the facility of making themselves masters of

* The Editor again begs it to be understood that he is not in the slightest degree responsible for any of the opinions expressed in this book, having merely corrected the press.

so fine a prize driving away the feelings that had at first arrested them, they seized the queen, and tore off all her valuable ornaments in a savage and barbarous manner, nor was the young prince treated with less rigour. Margaret was adorned with a profusion of jewels, the remains of her former grandeur, which were quite sufficient to have enriched the whole party; but they were so intoxicated with joy at their good fortune, that they could not agree in the division of the booty, and began to quarrel with all the ferocity and blind fury which belong to such characters. The queen, thinking only of her life and that of her son, seized this moment to escape, and, rushing through the thickest part of the forest, ran on as long as the little Edward was able to keep up with her. At length, seeing him ready to sink with fatigue, she caught him up in her arms, and continued her flight with indomptable perseverance and resolution. She now thought the greatest danger was over, when suddenly there appeared a single ruffian, with a drawn sword in his hand, and fury depicted on his countenance. At this terrible moment, as he approached with menacing gestures, which might well have appalled the boldest, Margaret showed her extraordinary presence of mind, by taking her son's hand, and assuming at once that air of majesty for which she was distinguished, while she said in a tone of confidence, as she presented him to the robber, "Here, friend, save the life of my son, the son of the good King Henry."

The robber was struck with the beauty and dignity of her person, and charmed with the confidence reposed in him. He happened to be one of those

who had been outlawed by Edward, for adhering to the cause of her husband. His heart melted with compassion at the sight of his queen and prince in such deplorable circumstances, and, comforting them with assurances of fidelity and protection, he laid his sword at the prince's feet, and offered every service and assistance that was in his power to afford them. She requested him to take the young prince in his arms, and immediately seized the sword for defence, lest he should retract his offers; but he was of a more generous nature, and, being enraged at the barbarous conduct of his companions, wished to attempt the recovery of her jewels. Margaret's thoughts were far too deeply engrossed—for adversity draws more closely the ties of nature—to regard this loss; and her son's safety was then the only object worthy of her consideration. She entreated the robber, therefore, to take them to a place of safety, that they might be enabled, without danger, to learn the fate of Henry and his army. He had a wife and a home in the neighbouring village, and in the distressed and almost naked state in which the prince and his mother were, such a shelter was welcome, and most thankfully accepted. After they had somewhat recovered, he carefully conducted them to a village near the sea side, where, through his exertions, they found an opportunity of embarking for Flanders. Upon leaving him, Margaret deeply deplored her present circumstances. "Of all my fortune (said she to him,) what I regret the loss of most at this moment is the power to recompense you."

They were hospitably received by the Duke of Burgundy, from whose court they repaired to that

of Margaret's father, Regnier, Duke of Anjou, where she lived several years in retirement, while Henry remained imprisoned in the Tower of London. About the time of the queen's arrival at Anjou, Edmund, Duke of Somerset, (brother of him who was executed at Hexham,) and the Duke of Exeter, escaped to the Low Countries, where dreading to be betrayed into the hands of Edward, they concealed their quality. Here they were reduced to such an extremity of wretchedness, that, in the severest weather, they were compelled to undertake the meanest offices for a subsistence, till they were at length discovered by the Duke of Burgundy, who being, as we have before stated, descended from the house of Lancaster, by the mother's side, relieved their necessities, and settled a moderate pension upon them.

England now hoped to have enjoyed a long and steady peace. It was thought that, Edward having in custody the unfortunate Henry, and Margaret having quitted the kingdom, there was no other person capable of disturbing its tranquillity. But the irregular passions of monarchs lead to the misery of their subjects; and it ought not to be permitted to those who are unable to govern themselves to attempt the government of others. The king thought the present a favourable moment for acquiring the affections of his subjects, who had been alarmed and disgusted by many of his acts of severity. An amnesty was granted, under certain conditions, to the Lancastrians; he treated the noblemen as brothers, and the people as a father—whilst his personal accomplishments and gallant conduct universally recommended him to the fair sex—a class which he

by no means overlooked or undervalued. He was affable in his deportment, munificent in his gifts, and showed favour equally to rich and poor. He reformed and augmented the laws. He devised, adjusted, and divided the coins. The meanest suppliant was admitted to his presence, and every day witnessed some act of generosity or compassion. In short, he ably exerted all his talents to make himself popular.

During this season of peace and content, his wisest counsellors recommended to Edward to marry, for the establishment and security of the royal succession in his own family; and, after many different proposals and mature deliberation on that important subject, Edward determined to demand in marriage Bona of Savoy, sister to the Queen of France; which alliance seemed at the time to promise many political advantages. For the purpose of soliciting her hand, Warwick was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the French court, then at Tours, the residence of Lewis the Eleventh; and was received with great honour by that monarch. He then formally demanded of Lewis, in the name of his master, the Lady Bona, daughter to Lewis, Duke of Savoy, in marriage. Nothing could be more gratifying, or more consonant to the wishes of the French King, who earnestly desired an alliance with England, as the sure and safe means of forwarding all his political designs, which were at that period numerous and critical. He gladly assented, therefore, to the proposition; and, that he might reap all the advantages which such a connexion might produce, he spun out the treaty of marriage, in the hope of con-

cluding a lasting peace, and engaged in a bond of personal friendship with the King of England.

Warwick settled all the articles of the marriage contract between the king and the princess Bona; after concluding which, he was highly rewarded and dismissed, having gained, by his great qualities and noble character, the admiration and esteem of the King of France, his queen, and all the court, who afterwards, as opportunity served, proved the sincerity of their friendship. Lewis appointed the Count of Dammartin as his ambassador and plenipotentiary at the court of London, to make the final arrangements in this affair, which final arrangements, however, never took place, as we shall now show.

While Warwick was thus engaged in France, in the negotiation of matters which Edward had considered as of the highest consequence to his kingdom, the king himself, chancing to hunt in Northamptonshire, went to visit Jaqueline of Luxemburg, the Duchess of Bedford; who, after the death of her first husband, had given her hand to Sir Richard Woodville. By this second marriage she had, among other children, a daughter Elizabeth, who had married Sir John Gray of Groby, slain by Edward's party at the last battle of St. Albans. The young widow, after having seen her husband's estate confiscated, had retired to her father's house at Grafton, where Edward now met her; and she took this opportunity of throwing herself at the king's feet, to beseech a maintenance for herself and children, out of their father's confiscated estates. Edward could not behold her without emotion; and, raising her from the ground, he made a favourable answer to her request. In truth, he was captivated

by her personal beauty, and neglected not the first opportunity of making her acquainted with his passion, confiding so much in his station and personal qualifications, as to imagine that he might easily triumph over her virtue. He had, however, overrated his power. She rejected his proposals with disdain, saying that, although she was unworthy of being his queen, yet she valued herself too highly to be his mistress. Such conduct, judicious as well as virtuous, did not fail to have its proper effect, and completed the impression she had made upon Edward, who now approved of her resolute modesty as much as he admired her beauty, and he at once tendered his hand, forgetting that he had offered it to another. It is not to be supposed that she would refuse an alliance with a young prince of Edward's character and accomplishments, and the offer, therefore, was embraced with every mark of transport and sensibility.

Edward, nevertheless, would not proceed farther in this affair without communicating the intention to his mother, the Duchess of York, who was not less surprised than concerned at this sudden change in his purposes, and used all her endeavours to dissuade him from it; pointing out to him the dangers and dishonour such conduct would produce, both at home and abroad. Her representations were just, we may almost say prophetic; but Edward was pre-determined, and wedded Elizabeth Woodville so privately, that the marriage was not divulged, till he thought proper to issue orders for her coronation.

It is said in history, that the nuptials of Edward with Bona of France were prevented by an "ex-

traordinary accident." *Acoidental* it was, as far as the meeting of Edward and Elizabeth was concerned; but no farther: the rest was entirely his own meditated act. He was fully aware that he had sent Warwick, a nobleman of unblemished honour, his bosom friend, and one who had assisted him in every difficulty, to offer his hand to Bona of Savoy; and he could not, as a man, but be cognizant of the insult he was offering to that princess, and, through her, to the Court of France. Neither, as a king, could he have been unaware of the ignominious and contemptible position in which he was placing Warwick by such a course, or of the bad impression which such an open breach of faith must produce upon the whole of his subjects.

It is scarcely to be conceived that these reflections did not present themselves to the mind of Edward; but love overbalanced every prudential motive, and eventually led Edward again into new scenes of turmoil, difficulty, bloodshed, and devastation. Few instances indeed are recorded of such fatal consequences following an individual act of passion.

The effects of this marriage were not long in showing themselves; the nobility and people were taken by surprise when they understood such an extraordinary match had been concluded, at the very time the king was carrying on a negotiation at the Court of France for a marriage with the Princess of Savoy. Many of the first families of the kingdom were disgusted at the sudden elevation of the relatives of Elizabeth, and of the distinguished honours continually showered upon them; but these were mere trifles compared with the resentment of

the Earl of Warwick. He could not but regard this clandestine match as the highest insult to his honour, and as a flagrant proof of ingratitude in Edward, whom he had raised to the throne. These sentiments he stated in his own justification to the King of France, who did not fail to encourage and foment his indignation. Lewis was equally incensed against Edward, for the outrage offered to the honour of his family; but the state of his affairs at present would not permit of any manifestation of his resentment.

Warwick concealed, upon his return to England, what he felt, with great care and circumspection, but his heart glowed not the less with resentment and revenge. Edward and he soon divined each other's sentiments, but it was the interest of both to use disguise; and, after a great many transactions, which marked the decline of good-will between them, the queen's relations got so complete an ascendency over the king, that the interests of Warwick and his brother were overlooked, and those noblemen daily subjected to personal mortifications. The Earl was no longer employed in any affair of importance; and his brother, by a distant appointment, was kept from court: while every branch of Elizabeth's family was aggrandized, and the honours conferred upon and alliances contracted in favour of an obscure family naturally excited the hatred and envy of the commons, as well as of the nobility, who grew extremely jealous at the partiality shown by the king to the relations of his wife. But, of all the nobility, Warwick and his brother had the greatest reason to complain of these promotions, to a considerable portion of which they were them-

selves more entitled, than any other persons in the kingdom, by the great services they had done to Edward.

As influencing the conduct of Margaret of Anjou, the particulars of this part of Edward's reign must, necessarily, be narrated; and, indeed, the interest they excite is so great, that it is with reluctance we are induced to abridge them, from the accounts of the old writers, in whose time the impression of these events was more forcibly imprinted than at the distant period in which we live.

Over and above the indelible affront, which we have seen offered to the Earl of Warwick in the affair of the Lady Bona, he was excluded from all share in the administration, and subjected to various insults from the queen and her kindred, and many slights from the altered monarch. Lest he should regain his influence at the council, they seemed intent upon driving him from court: and at last the king, by act of parliament, resumed all grants of lands and offices since the day of his accession, excepting certain cases, mentioned in special provisoes, which were added to the act when it received the royal assent. Edward's real object in this was to render the house of Neville more subservient, by making them dependent on his pleasure, for the enjoyment of those estates with which their services had been rewarded.

Warwick—one of the proudest nobles that ever England produced—could no longer dissemble his disgust, but retired to his castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire, pondering deeply by what means he could dethrone that monarch whom he had been so instrumental in establishing on the throne of

England. Some time after, the earl being at his town of Warwick, accompanied by his two brothers, the Marquis of Montague and the Archbishop of York, after entertaining them with various subjects, he mentioned, in the course of conversation, the proceedings of the king, and took advantage of the opportunity to excite them, in every way possible, to aid in restoring Henry the Sixth to the crown. Commending them for the good qualities he knew they possessed, he begged them to believe that what he was about to say of Edward and Henry arose from no trifling umbrage, taken up hastily, or lately entered into his mind, "but," said he, according to an old historian, "the true experience and just judgment which I have formed of them both in a manner compel and constrain me to say as I say, and to do as I do. Surely, King Henry is a godly, good, and virtuous person, neither forgetting his friends nor casting into oblivion any benefit by him received: nor yet any trouble sustained in his cause has he left unrewarded: to whom God has sent a son, called Prince Edward, born to be of great worth, of whom men may conjecture many laudable and princely things, considering the pain and labour he taketh to rescue his father out of captivity and thraldom.

"King Edward, on the contrary, is an injurious person; to them who deserve kindness he showeth unkindness; and to those who love him, deadly hatred—detesting and neglecting to take any pains for the preferment or maintenance of the public wealth of this realm, but given entirely up to pastime, pleasure, and dalliance—preferring, to high estate, men descended of low blood and base de-

gree, before men of old and undefiled houses, who both supported him and the commonwealth of his realm. So that I now perceive it is come to that point, that he will destroy all the nobility, or else the nobility must shortly, of very necessity, destroy and confound him."

Warwick then went on to tell them, that they, being first aggrieved, should be first avenged: for Edward, immediately after having obtained the crown, began, first secretly, and then openly, to despise and impugn the fame, glory and renown, of the family of Neville, as if he meant to insinuate, that all the honour and authority they had, had been received at his hands, and not by their own courage and assistance in the kingdom; when it was well known that their name and chief title were given them by Henry the Sixth, and not by Edward. And also, it was fresh in the mind of every man, that, when Edward's father, the Duke of York, claimed the crown, the house of Neville never left him in prosperity or adversity, till he obtained it; and had run into great jeopardy themselves to assist him, and restore the tranquillity of the country, so that they and their blood had shown themselves more like fathers to him, than he like a friend to them—the benefits were, therefore, given, and not received, and yet they were to be deprived of what they enjoyed.

"But," continued Warwick, "let these things pass, and let me speak of the ungentle, untrue, and unprincely handling of me, in the last embassy, being sent to the French king to treat of a marriage for him, having full authority to bind and to loose, to contract and conclude. Which thing, when finished

and accomplished; how lightly his mind changed, how privily he vowed, and how secretly he married, both you know better than I. So that, by this means, I was almost out of all credence with the Court of France, alike with the king and queen, as though I had gone thither as a spy, to move an affair never intended, or to treat of a marriage determined before never to take effect. So that our fame, and that of our ancestors, will be utterly extinguished. What worm is touched, and will not turn again? What honest man will not be angry, when things that touch his honesty be daily attempted against him? How much more ought a nobleman to be enraged, when his fame is in a manner brought to infamy, and his honour blemished, without his offence or desert?

"All this, brethren, you know to be true. The dishonour of one is the dishonour of us all; the hurt of one is the hurt of us all.

"Wherefore, rather than I will live unrevenged, or suffer him to reign who hath sought my decay and dishonour, I will surely spend my life, land, and goods, in setting up that good man, Henry the Sixth, and in deposing this untrue, unfaithful, and unkind prince, called (by our means alone) Edward the Fourth."

These words won the archbishop to his purpose; but not the Marquis of Montague, who for some time hesitated, but was afterwards reluctantly gained, by being assured of the aid of the greatest princes of the realm, and also by promises of large rewards and high promotions. But this lukewarm adherent eventually proved destructive to the cause he so unwillingly espoused.

The Earl of Warwick, being a man of great acuteness and penetration, thought he perceived that the Duke of Clarence did not bear the best will to his brother Edward, and tried to fathom his thoughts afar off, meaning, if he saw fit, to open his design to him. Accordingly, at a convenient time and place, the earl began to complain to the duke of the ingratitude and double-dealing of the king: saying that he had neither used him like a friend, nor kept his promise with him; and, in truth, he had not practised the honourable conduct expected from a prince. The policy of the earl proved successful; for it threw the duke off his guard, and he did not allow Warwick to proceed in his speech; but answered, in a great fury, "Why, my lord, think you to have him kind to you, who is unkind and unnatural to me, who am his own brother? Think you that friendship will make him keep his promise, when neither nature, nor kindred, in any ways, can move him to favour his own blood?—Think you that he will promote his cousin and ally, who careth not for the fall and confusion of his own lineage? Three marriages, meet for his two brothers and kin, hath he bestowed on these new foundlings! but, by sweet St. George, I swear! if my brother of Gloucester would join with me, we would make him know that we are all three one man's sons, of one mother, and one lineage, and more worthy to be promoted than strangers of his wife's blood."

Warwick was now in possession of what he had so much thirsted for, and, therefore, began boldly to declare his purpose to the Duke of Clarence, and to show him it was no ill-considered suggestion, but a determined enterprise; informing him, at the same

time, of many steps which had been already made, and requesting him also to take pains, speedily and secretly, to give aid to the completion and successful issue of so great and important an undertaking. He made many promises to the duke, and, to bind him more closely to his interest, offered him in marriage his eldest daughter, one of the most beautiful women, and certainly the greatest heiress then in England. The duke was thus won over, and consented to go hand in hand with Warwick.

It was agreed that, after they had laid some plans for raising discontent in England, by the agency of Warwick's brothers, Montague and the Archbishop of York, they should go over to Calais. But, before this was put in execution, fresh subjects of discontent began to arise from the proceedings of the queen's family. Sir Thomas Cooke, being accused of treason, was confined, and his effects, to a great amount, seized by the treasurer, Lord Rivers, father to the queen. He was acquitted, however, after a long confinement; and, though not found guilty, was severely fined by the king: the queen, also, exacted a heavy sum, which he was, likewise, obliged to pay, besides large presents to her council. His accuser was afterwards hanged, for carrying on a correspondence with Margaret of Anjou—an imputation, likewise, shared by the Earl of Warwick. The family of the Woodvilles had used all their endeavours to make that nobleman suspected by the king, who knew, indeed, he had little cause, after the ingratitude shown him, to confide in his attachment. It seemed as if the ministry wished to drive him to some act, of which they might take advantage, to work his destruction.

Among several who were tried and condemned, at this time, was one who, to save his life, impeached Warwick; but the whole accusation amounted to no more than his having heard, in France, that Warwick favoured the cause of Margaret and Henry. Upon this charge, commissioners were sent down to Middleham to examine him, but they found the imputation groundless, so that this fresh insult served only to render the edge of his resentment more keen.

The Woodvilles, fearing the consequences of the odium in which they soon found that they were held by the people, persuaded the king to mediate a reconciliation between them and the Warwick family. With this object in view, Edward set out for Nottingham, where he effected an accommodation between the Archbishop of York and Lord Rivers. A great council was afterwards held at Coventry, to which that prelate brought the earl, his brother, and reconciled him to several of the lords; with this, the king was so much pleased, that he restored to him many of the lands which he had lost by the act of resumption. There being no sincerity, however, in the seeming friendship between Warwick and the queen's party, as soon as the ceremony was over, he repaired to his government of Calais, to urge forward the scheme of revenge he had already projected. Edward had been much alarmed at the proposed match between the Duke of Clarence and Warwick's daughter, and had endeavoured to prevent it by intrigues and remonstrances at the court of Rome, to which the parties had applied for a dispensation; but Warwick had already entered into a negotiation with the French king, and, by his influence, had obtained the

required instrument, and the marriage was celebrated in the church of Nôtre Dame, at Calais.

During the residence of Warwick at this place, he seems to have narrowly watched the progress of his affairs in England; so that his emissaries were not idle in stirring up the people in Yorkshire. But this detail is foreign to my subject. I shall only remark, that the rebel army, naming for themselves a captain, went suddenly to Grafton, where Lord Rivers then was, and, having seized him and Sir John, his son, brought them to Northampton, and there, without trial, struck off their heads.

This insurrection was, of course, met by coercive measures on the part of the government, and thus was England again cast into the throes of a civil convulsion, signalized by barbarity, treachery, and every species of cruelty, committed alike by both parties, and at each struggle deluging the earth with the blood of its own children.

The Duchess of York, who had foreseen the consequences of Edward's marriage, and the ill-treatment which Warwick had suffered, endeavoured to restore peace, and they met for that purpose at her house; but jealousy was too deeply rooted in both hearts to be eradicated by this interview.

Warwick and his son-in-law, Clarence, returned to Calais; but, from political causes, did not land there, but proceeded to Normandy, and landed at Honfleur, where he was courteously received; and from thence he set out for the court of France, then at Amboise, where he likewise met with a very favourable reception.

Lewis had no inclination to intermeddle in the affairs of England while the crown was in dispute

between Henry and Edward; but, Edward having now contracted a firm alliance with the Duke of Burgundy, Lewis's views prompted him to effect, if possible, the ruin of both; and his interest on this occasion co-operated with his desire of revenge for the affront he had received from Edward, in regard to the marriage of the Princess Bona. Every political consideration concurred in favour of the English fugitives; and that the civil war, which the French king trusted to kindle in England, might rage with the greater fury, he resolved, if possible, to reconcile Warwick with Margaret of Anjou. This, at first sight, appeared a hopeless undertaking, since Warwick had ever been her greatest enemy, and the main instrument, both in the cabinet and in the field, of all her defeats. But Lewis was not only a friend to the cause of Warwick, but an admirer of his great personal prowess and noble acts. He had long had a desire to show him favour, aid, and kindness, at his need, more especially, since he had suffered a like insult with himself in the affair of the marriage, and he now exerted himself with real energy to effect a reconciliation, alike advantageous to the present interests of both parties. He, therefore, sent for Margaret, who was, at the time, living in retirement, at the habitation of her father.

She no sooner heard that Warwick and the Duke of Clarence had abandoned England, and fled for succour to the French court, than hope sprung up in her bosom, and she immediately set out for Amboise, with her son. Although she viewed her own conduct with the partiality which is natural, and laid the whole blame of her misfortunes on the earl, whom she regarded as the author of all the miseries

to which herself and family had been subjected, yet, the reconciliation was easily effected, because they now stood in need of each other.

After many councils had been held, and many opinions given, and proposals debated, not only concerning the objects to be pursued, but the means of carrying their designs into execution, a treaty was agreed on between them.

Warwick wanted a pretext for dethroning Edward; and the most plausible and popular—perhaps the only one that gave him any prospect of permanent success—was the restoration of Henry, whose mild character contrasted very favourably with many cruel acts committed by the rapacious agents, who acted under the sanction of Edward's government. The queen's object was the same; and she, on the other hand, saw no other hope of the re-establishment of her family, but in the assistance of Warwick. Waving, therefore, every scruple of delicacy, she at once sought the protection of her ancient adversary.

The league between them was arranged by Lewis; and it was stipulated, that, on condition that the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick should exert all their endeavours for Henry's restoration, the queen should engage, upon oath, to leave the administration in their hands during Henry's life, or the minority of his son, in case of his accession to the throne before he should be of age; and that the Prince of Wales should marry Anne, the younger daughter of Warwick. This young lady being in France with her mother, the marriage was immediately solemnized.

A connexion so remarkable gave surprise to

many, nor was it without reason, considering that Warwick had dethroned the head, and then caused his daughter to marry the heir to the house of Lancaster, while he had given in marriage his eldest daughter to the Duke of Clarence, one of the greatest enemies of that house; so that the interests of the two sisters were directly opposed, while their father, the Earl of Warwick, became equally allied to the inimical houses of York and Lancaster.

The Duke of Burgundy, a generous and martial prince, who had married Edward's sister, transmitted to him an account of this transaction; but he paid very little regard to the intimation, thinking it very unlikely that the Earl of Warwick, who had been obliged to quit the kingdom for want of proper support, should be able, while absent, to excite the people of England to rebel in his favour. Even the preparations of Lewis, who had begun to make ready the supplies he had promised to Warwick and the Duke, upon the conclusion of the league, did not alarm Edward. He relied upon the precarious ground of the affection of his subjects for his person and government, and Warwick's want of interest; but the first had been greatly destroyed by the conduct of those under him, and of the extent of the second he was little aware; yet he was so full of confidence, and so given up to pleasure, that he took no precaution in the defence of himself or the kingdom, but consumed his time in effeminate and voluptuous pursuits.

While thus abandoned to his inclinations, he seemed to forget that, of all men, a king can least live for himself; and that, next to exercising tyranny and injustice in his own person, he is culpable by

permitting it in others. Indeed, it would seem that Edward's love of pleasure (which ever takes its rise in the lowest sort of selfishness) had made him entirely forgetful of the welfare of his subjects; for we can scarcely imagine that a prince, who has been always represented as affable and easy of access to every grade, should not be informed of the real state of his kingdom, whilst his ministry gratified their private resentment by the most atrocious acts of cruelty and oppression, even in their public characters. Yet Edward's time was spent in hunting, hawking, and every pastime that could be devised, attended by the gay and frivolous part of both sexes.

This was the state of affairs when one John Clapham, an officer belonging to Warwick, with about twenty other gentlemen, taken in a naval skirmish near Southampton, were condemned as traitors by the Earl of Worcester, constable of England. This might, under the circumstances, be deemed necessary; but they were executed with such a display of barbarity, as filled the spectators with horror. All persons of any consideration, suspected of affection for the house of Lancaster, were prosecuted and plundered, or forced into sanctuary or exile; and a great number of these refugees retired to France, and gave an account of the temper of the nation to the Earl of Warwick, whom they pressed to embark for England, where they represented all sorts of people as ardently wishing for his return. He also received letters of a similar purport, saying that "men so much daily and hourly desired, and wished so eagerly his return and arrival, that almost all people were in harness, looking for his landing; where-

fore they begged him to make haste, yea, more than haste, although he brought no succour with him." He was farther assured that, "as soon as he landed, many thousands should meet him, to do him what service and pleasure they could." Such was the offer of the common people. Besides this, many noblemen wrote to offer him "men, money, harness, and all things necessary for the war, besides their own persons, which they promised to adventure in his quarrel."

Notwithstanding this general feeling of discontent, the Marquis of Montague had, by this time, humbly yielded himself to the king, whom, as a lure to others, Edward had received into favour: but what contributed most of all to lull Edward into fancied security, was the success of a secret negotiation which he had entered into with his brother Clarence, unsuspected by Warwick. It is ever painful to see upon record traits of duplicity and double dealing, so dissonant to the princely character.

Edward had won over a lady in the suite of the Duchess of Clarence, and a great favourite with that princess; and, after having tutored her for his purpose, granted her a passport; by virtue of which she crossed the sea unmolested to her mistress. Having thus far succeeded, she watched a fit opportunity to execute her commission, representing to the duke, in the name of the king, that, by espousing the party of Warwick, he contributed to his own ruin; that it was neither natural, prudent, nor honourable, for him to act against the house of York, from which he was immediately descended, and to raise up again the House of Lancaster. She was also charged to declare to him that the marriage of the

earl's daughter with the prince of Wales was made in the hope of his being in future king, to the exclusion of the House of York, of which he, the Duke of Clarence, was not only a member, but near also to the crown, his brother Edward having but one infant child, whom it was highly probable death might remove; that, if the designs of Warwick should succeed, he could not imagine that the House of Lancaster would place any confidence in him, or even suffer him to live after they had effected their purpose; and that, far from depending upon the oath of Margaret, he ought to consider it only as a snare laid for his destruction. The Earl of Warwick, also, she asserted, would be the first to crush him, not only to remove a rival in the administration, but also to deliver himself from a prince who might one day be in a condition to avenge the wrongs of his family; and that, should the House of Lancaster be restored, he must give up all thoughts of the crown, as Henry's son was a fine, healthy, and vigorous young prince. These arguments were farther enforced by other considerations of consanguinity, and supported by shrewd reasonings, warm professions, and generous promises from Edward towards his brother. Clarence being naturally easy, fickle, weak-minded, and irresolute, was convinced by these insinuations; and desired the agent to let the king, his brother, know that he would not fail to declare in his favour when an opportunity should offer of doing him any signal service.

Edward imagined that all Warwick's efforts, having now been deprived of the assistance of Clarence, would ultimately prove abortive, But, in

the mean time, Warwick being ignorant and quite unsuspicious of any unfair dealing on the part of the duke, and having, as we have seen, many requests and offers from England, determined to take his good fortune at the flood, lest delay might, as it often does, be the means of losing a golden opportunity, never, most likely, to be regained. He, therefore, took leave of the King of France, thanking him on his own behalf, as well as on that of Henry; and as Margaret and the prince had not finished all their necessary preparations, it was agreed that they should follow with the remainder of the ships and army. Having received his troops and money, to no great amount, from Lewis, the earl took his departure for England, under the convoy of some French ships of war, commanded by the Bastard of Bourbon. The Duke of Burgundy attempted to intercept Warwick, by collecting a numerous fleet at the mouth of the Seine, which for a time detained him at Havre de Grace; but a violent tempest springing up, scattered the duke's fleet, so that there were not two ships left in company to maintain the blockade; and Warwick, sailing with all speed immediately it was over, landed safely at Dartmouth, in September, 1470.

Edward rejoiced at perceiving his enemy, as he thought, within his grasp, and actually begged the Duke of Burgundy to let his fleet keep the sea, to seize Warwick, in case he should attempt to make his escape. But he soon perceived the folly of his conduct in despising his adversary (the greatest fault a commander can be guilty of) and neglecting his own defence, for which he was now obliged to prepare with all the speed and exertion he could

make. For this purpose he immediately sent out orders to all his friends to muster his troops, and take every efficacious measure for the defence of the realm, at the same time practising every stratagem himself by which he might entrap Warwick, well knowing that if he were once in his power, his forces could easily be dispersed.

In these attempts he was unsuccessful, however; and the earl, immediately after his landing, was joined by such numbers of his countrymen, that in a few days he found himself at the head of sixty thousand fighting men, with whom he began his march against Edward, who had turned his arms towards the north, to quell an insurrection raised in Yorkshire by the Lord Fitzhugh, who was brother-in-law of Warwick, having married his sister Alice. His design, most probably, was to make a a diversion to favour the earl's landing, in which he was completely successful. At the king's approach he retired into Scotland, and Edward repaired to York, where he first learned that Warwick had landed and proclaimed Henry the Sixth King of England, publishing at the same time an order to all his subjects, from sixteen to sixty, to take arms and expel the usurper. The troops which the king had ordered and expected to join him, now seemed to come but slowly and unwillingly, and those who did were not conceived to be altogether hearty in the cause, nor worthy of trust, so that he was sorely perplexed and in difficulty how to proceed. At length he determined to push forward, and advanced as far as Nottingham, in his way to London; but Warwick being resolved to engage him before he should reach that capital, where he knew he was

very popular, came in sight of him within three miles of Nottingham, and prepared for battle. It was here that the king learned, for the first time, that the country generally had risen against him. "The news were brought to him," as an old historian says, "that the whole towns and country adjacent were in a general roar, and made fires and sang songs, crying, 'King Henry, King Henry, a Warwick, a Warwick!'"

Poor indeed must have been his resources, when Edward was so weak as to depend upon the fidelity of the Marquis of Montague, who had *twice* given himself up to his clemency, and been as often received back into favour; who was brother to his enemy, and whom he had also very lately personally injured, by depriving him of his large possessions and honours in Northumberland; which injury, it is true, he had endeavoured to recompense, by creating him Marquis of Montague.

This nobleman had raised six thousand men, with whom he followed the king at some distance, as if he had intended to re-enforce his majesty; but his real aim was to join his own brother, which measure he had already concerted with his officers. When he was given to understand that Warwick was so near the royalist forces, therefore, he quickened his march to fall upon the rear of Edward, who had no suspicion of his design till he was within *two leagues* of his camp, when, on a nearer approach, it was confirmed, and the air resounded with "Long live King Henry!" from his former allies. In this emergency, a council of war was immediately held, and the Lord Hastings gave it as his opinion, that great part of the army would revolt upon sight of the

Earl of Warwick; and that, even supposing they should do their duty, they would not be able to cope with the rebels, after this defection of Montague. He, therefore, recommended his majesty to provide for his personal safety, by retreating to the sea-side, where he might find an opportunity to escape. This advice, added to the knowledge of Warwick's army being within less than half a day's journey, determined the king, who set out at midnight for Lynne, without money or baggage, and attended only by an escort of eight hundred light horse. Finding in the harbour of that town two or three ships bound for Holland, he instantly embarked with his brother Gloucester and a small retinue; and, after having narrowly escaped a fleet of Easterlings, landed at Alkmar.*

In the morning after Edward's flight his army submitted to Warwick, who forthwith directed his march to London, which he entered in triumph on the 6th of October, and removed Henry the Sixth from the Tower to the Bishop's Palace, whilst Edward's queen took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster, where, in this unhappy conjuncture, both for her king and kingdom, she was delivered of a son, named Edward.

Rapid and complete was the change of fortune in regard to the dethroned monarch; a sovereign who had in more than six hard fought and bloody fields overcome his foes by the combined influence of his personal valour, and the assistance of that man who, in concert with his own servants, subjects,

* The Easterlings, or Hanse-Towns, were then at war with both France and England.

and kinsmen, was at present the cause of his expulsion from the throne and kingdom.

Edward's condition cannot with truth be said to merit our pity, for his present misfortune must be regarded as the infliction of a well-deserved punishment for his misconduct to all parties engaged in concerting his marriage contract with the Princess Bona, in the first instance; and for his blindness afterwards to the consequences which had naturally ensued from that conduct, which consequences he certainly ought to have expected and carefully guarded against, instead of supinely giving himself up to luxury and forgetfulness.

To a king of Edward's turn of mind, who placed the most entire dependence on his own prowess, and possessed a vain confidence in his own abilities, the punishment which followed his imprudent course must have been galling in the extreme. His answer to the Duke of Burgundy, who had incessantly warned him of the eminent perils to which he was exposed, shows the degree of contempt and self-sufficiency with which he regarded the efforts making against him. He said, "The duke might spare himself the trouble of guarding the seas, for he wished for nothing more than to see Warwick set foot on English ground." Thus, it is evident, he little expected the result to follow, which actually took place, or thought it possible that the kingdom, in the short space of eleven days, would be entirely under the control of Warwick; nor ever dreamed that a nobleman, who had been the chief cause of Henry's confinement in the Tower, should release him from thence, and place him again on the throne of England.

Such were the lessons, however, time gave him to study, and each of these apparent impossibilities was in turn too rudely proved to be possible, by becoming the undisputed events of the day. The treaty with Margaret also being fully executed, this rival queen prepared with her usual diligence and alacrity to join her friends, accompanied on her journey by Prince Edward, now a fine youth, in health and vigour, with his heart bounding in the sanguine hope of being once more restored to his country and rank; while her ambitious mind anxiously anticipated the restoration of her crown, and the power of amply avenging herself on her enemies. All the banished Lancastrians now flocked to her, many of whom had for some time been dispersed in foreign countries in a condition no better than common beggars, though previously persons of the highest rank in England; for while the contention for power lay between the princes of the land, the nobles who were adverse to the reigning party suffered, in numerous instances, the want of the common necessaries of life.

Margaret, however, was doomed to disappointment in the outset, being detained in France for some little time in spite of every exertion, by the stormy and adverse winds; and during this period Edward having obtained assistance from the Duke of Burgundy, and being impatient to take revenge on his foes, returned with a small force to England. After a variety of small successes and well-directed political manœuvres, finding himself in a condition to meet Warwick in the field, he hastened on a decisive action, lest the arrival of Margaret of Anjou, who was every day expected, and would have

proved a rallying point to all true Lancastrians, might give so great a preponderance to their cause as to turn the scale in the Earl's favour. They met at Barnet, ten miles distant from London: the battle was fought with great obstinacy on both sides; uncommon valour was displayed, and victory remained long undecided; but a body of fresh troops being brought up by Edward, and a retreat of the Earl of Oxford, who commanded the cavalry, being misinterpreted, every thing seemed to impress the army of Warwick with ideas of treachery and defeat. The soldiers, who had now been fighting many hours, were wounded and weary; and the utmost efforts of the earl, who still hoped for victory, as he knew Edward had no other re-enforcement to bring against him, could not restore their lost confidence. Perceiving this, Warwick rushed into the thickest of the battle, and fell covered with wounds. His brother, seeing him in jeopardy, instantly flew to his assistance, and suffered the same fate, after which the bloody struggle was brought to a close with a great and indiscriminate slaughter of the fugitives.

The same day on which this decisive battle was fought, Queen Margaret and her son, now about eighteen years of age and a young prince of the greatest promise, arrived at Weymouth, accompanied by a small body of French forces. Intelligence of the past success of their friends had raised their hopes high, and they landed with the feelings of a queen and prince who had but to appear, to be restored to a husband, a father, and a crown.

Such were the feelings they entertained, when intelligence reached them that Warwick and his bro-

ther were slain, their army destroyed, and Henry again a prisoner, in the hands of his enemies. The sudden and terrible reverse struck even Margaret with dismay: and "she fell down," (says an old historian,) "as if pierced with an arrow."

The worst forebodings fixed upon her. She seemed at a glance to take in the whole misery of her present and future situation. Her speech and sight failed, remorse seized upon her, and the courage, which had sustained her through so many perils, left her at once, while her mental agony was so great that she desired to die, rather than survive this dreadful struggle.

In all probability at this moment the image of the good, noble, and generous Duke of Gloucester disturbed her mind with unhappy reflections, for bitter anguish was evidently her portion. Where would now the unfortunate Henry find so true a friend as he had been? And whatever hand bore the stain of his blood, she at least was not altogether guiltless of it. She could have averted the blow, and saved his life; for the tragedy would never have taken place without her concurrence, and, terrible as the reflection must have been, it was not the less true that, in his overthrow, she had lost her best defence against all the miseries and misfortunes which had since assailed her. The futility of her projects had been fully exposed, while her crimes rebelliously struggled inwardly to upbraid her; the delirium of ambition was over, which had converted the happy and peaceful dominions of her husband into a theatre, for angry passions to sport in, with fierce and bloody contention. Whence she looked upon the bosom of the land she once governed, she beheld

alike peacefully reposing in the silence of death, the prince and the subject, the captain and his thousands, the lord and the vassal, the priest and the layman, the father and the child; a human sacrifice, at once so vast and so piteous as might have sufficed to appall a heart, even harder than that of Margaret of Anjou's.

Nevertheless, from whatever cause it arose, whether from remorse for the past, from present disappointment, or the prospect of future calamity, certain it is that the spirit of the cruel and aspiring queen was so completely subdued that she no longer combated against the adversity that overwhelmed her, but took refuge in the Abbey of Beaulieu, with her son and followers, and registered herself and company as privileged persons in a monastery of Cistercian monks of that place. But, upon its becoming known that she had landed, Edmund, Duke of Somerset, with Lord John, his brother; Thomas Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, who had ever before taken the contrary side; Jasper, Earl of Pembroke; John, Lord Wenlock, (created by Edward;) and John Longsbrother, Prior of St. John's in England, came with all speed to Beaulieu, and presented themselves to Margaret, who, upon seeing nobles of such power and influence resort to her, began to take comfort, and revive. With the insinuating and fascinating address, whose influence had been so frequently experienced, she anxiously exonerated herself from having made any unnecessary delay in coming to England, as she so gladly would have done earlier, but for the hinderances we have mentioned, and informed them of her reasons for taking the immunity of sanctuary; at the same time, she

earnestly prayed them to use measures for the preservation of the prince, her son, so that she might return with him to France, and there await a more prosperous time to bring her affairs to an issue.

In reply, these noblemen, and especially the Duke of Somerset, said all they could to recall her former hopes, and advised that she should immediately try the fortune of battle; representing that the flower of Edward's army had lately been cut off, that his numbers were much diminished, and that he had not yet had time to repair his losses; so that the present moment was peculiarly favourable, and ought to be seized, lest no such opportunity might ever again present itself. In conclusion, the Duke of Somerset promised to supply, at his own cost, a large body of valiant and experienced troops; and the two earls a still greater number, equally efficient, provided she would, as formerly, head the forces herself.

Margaret, though still fearing that her son would be in jeopardy, while these things were transacting, and not being sure of success, which her experience had fatally taught her was not always the result of the best concerted measures, did not with her usual energy enter into their ideas; she considered the fate of Henry as sealed, and her heart, as a mother, trembled at the prospect of seeing the prince, in the event of an overthrow, fall into the hands of the victors. She was, however, induced to yield to their remonstrances, and to conduct herself according to their advice; and being at length stimulated by the hopes of victory, she resumed her former spirit, and once more determined to defend to the utmost the ruins of her fallen fortunes.

The queen and her friends were now preparing to come again into the field, and began to collect their adherents with all the secrecy possible, that they might take Edward by surprise. Following the advice they gave her, she departed in the utmost privacy with her attendants to Bath, there to remain till her forces were collected and ready.

Somerset raised with great haste a body of chosen men from his own estates, as also did the Earl of Devonshire; while the Earl of Pembroke went into Wales to his Earldom, to prepare his people with all diligence, and the queen used every method to prevent her presence in England being known to her adversaries, before the preparations were completed.

In spite of all their precautions, it was nevertheless told to Edward, that she was not only landed, but that the Duke of Somerset and others of her accomplices had raised an army for her support; and he, having now grown wise by experience, delayed not a moment in sending his emissaries in every direction, to gain the most accurate intelligence of the motions and number of her troops.

The quietness and circumspection, which had been used by Margaret and her advisers, seems not altogether to have been useless, for those who were sent to explore to the westward returned and gave a faithful account of what they had heard and seen; but it seems to have been but obscure information that they were able to procure, for the king is represented by historians as being in "a great agony because he knew not which way his enemies took." Upon due consideration of all the tidings which had reached him, however, Edward came to

the decision of setting forward with his army, (which he had collected chiefly about London) in the direction by which he had most reason to expect the queen's approach to the capital. Proceeding into Oxfordshire, he encamped at Abingdon, commanding his more distant forces to follow him to that place with all possible celerity.

His host being there assembled, news was brought to the king, that his enemies were at Bath, waiting to augment their force by the numbers which daily resorted to them. The king, perceiving immediately that their plan was to unite with the Earl of Pembroke, who had drawn together a large army in Wales, strained every nerve to prevent this junction, and marched at once to Marlborough, within fifteen miles of the station occupied by Margaret.

When she was informed that Edward had come so near to her, she quitted Bath, and removed in great haste to Bristol. Scouts were thence despatched to see if she could with safety pass over the river Severn, by Gloucester into Wales, whither she had prudently determined to retire for the purpose of strengthening her army, intending then to attack her opponents at as advantageous a time and place as circumstances would permit. But they returned with the information that the city of Gloucester was under the command of the king's brother, Richard, Duke of that name, and though they had solicited the Lord Beauchamp, of Powyke, who lay there in the castle, and had the government of the town, and both by bribes and menaces endeavoured to prevail upon him and the townsmen either to join her, or suffer her to pass over

the bridge peaceably: they would not grant their request, however, or even listen with patience to such proposals. Margaret, upon hearing this, departed instantly with her army from Bristol, and leaving Gloucester unassailed, as the success of an attempt upon it was doubtful, continued her march to a town farther up the Severn named Tewksbury. In her passage thither, Lord Beauchamp sallying out deprived her of a great part of the ordnance, which did no small prejudice to her cause.

When the queen arrived at Tewksbury she received intelligence that Edward was close behind her with his horse, and hastening her preparations, she was about to put her determination of flying to the Earl of Pembroke in Wales into execution; when the Duke of Somerset opposed her views, and resolved upon remaining where he was, and risking here a battle, rather than hazard the passage of the Severn with the king's forces at their heels. This determination was adverse to the opinion of all the other chiefs, however, who advised that he should rather draw aside his army, and wait for the arrival of his associate, the Earl of Pembroke, ere he ventured on an engagement.

But Somerset persisted in his resolution, and, disregarding this reasonable course, took up a strong position near the town; there encamping, he made the best disposition he could of his troops, part of which were commanded by the young prince Edward, under the conduct of the Prior of St. Johns, and Lord Wenlock, (whom King Edward had previously raised to the rank of baron;) whilst the rear was under the direction of the Earl of Devonshire.

All was now prepared, and the queen and her son rode about the field, encouraging their soldiers by their presence, and promising them rewards, promotion, spoil, and above all fame and high renown, throughout the realm, if they conducted themselves well through this day.*

Mean while, King Edward was preparing for the onset, and had disposed his troops like an able general. The Duke of Gloucester led the way, and attacked the camp of the queen, which Somerset bravely defended, when, as had been previously arranged, the duke pretended to be driven back with his whole force. This manœuvre to draw the queen's forces from their intrenchments had the desired effect, for his retreat was no sooner perceived by Somerset, than, in the ardour of the moment, and with more courage than circumspection, he came out of the trenches, with the part of the army under his command, to overtake the fugitives, not doubting but that the prince and Lord Wenlock would instantly follow him. In this, however, he was disappointed, and whether Lord Wenlock's conduct arose from treachery, or from fear, is not known, but certain it is, he remained quite unconcernedly looking on in the camp, whilst Somerset and Gloucester were hotly engaged without.

* The effusion of human blood, in the contention for a crown, is but too common and every day occurrence to call for more than ordinary interest; but there were many circumstances which combined in the present struggle to awaken deeper feelings in the actors, for independent of the ties of fealty and party adhesion, all the warmer sympathies of our nature were enlisted on behalf of a wife and son, entering armed into the lists to restore to his throne a captive monarch, who was at once pitied and beloved by his subjects.

The Duke of Gloucester, perceiving that his stratagem had succeeded, turned upon Somerset unexpectedly, and, after a sharp struggle, totally defeated him; when the brave general, stung to the soul with shame and mortification, retreated towards his camp, where still stood Wenlock unmoved. Carried away by rage, Somerset at once made up to him, and, reviling him with the exclamation, "Traitor!" dashed out his brains upon the spot with his battle-axe. The Duke of Gloucester entered the trenches with the fugitives in the rear of Somerset, followed by the king, where they found the youthful prince unfitted by inexperience, and the Duke of Somerset rendered incapable by rage, to give the necessary commands. After a short but desperate conflict, the queen's party was totally overcome, and the greater part slain; while the remnant fled to take refuge where they could.

The young Prince of Wales was taken by Sir Richard Crofts, and kept a close prisoner, and the queen was found near almost expiring with grief.

The Duke of Somerset, and about twenty other persons of distinction, having taken shelter in the church of the Black Friars, were surrounded, taken out, and afterwards beheaded. So that the battle ended with the total destruction of the Lancastrians, and the dispersion of their army.

A proclamation was made by the order of the king, after the field was won, to the effect that whoever would bring Prince Edward to him, dead or alive, should be awarded an annuity of one hundred pounds during his life. And if the prince still survived, his life should be spared.

Sir Richard Crofts, an honourable and valiant

man, relying implicitly on the promise his sovereign had made, speedily appeared to claim the reward with his prisoner, a youth of a delicate and pleasing countenance, and noble person.

Edward, after having well considered him, demanded, in an insulting manner, how he had dared to enter his realm so presumptuously, with his banner unfurled? The prince answered, in a noble and courageous tone, "To recover my father's kingdom, and my own inheritance." Edward deigned no reply, but with his hand, thrust him away, (or, as some say, struck him with his gauntlet,) and immediately left the place. So insensible was he to the slightest impulse of a generous pity towards that unfortunate prince.

The contempt and brutal violence of the king being taken as a signal, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir Thomas Gray, hurried the unhappy prince into the adjoining apartment, and there deliberately murdered him with their daggers.

Queen Margaret likewise fell into the hands of the victor, and was carried a prisoner to London, where she was confined with her husband in the Tower. There King Henry expired not long after the battle, which had finished, for ever, the hopes of the house of Lancaster. It is still supposed, and was generally believed at the time, that he owed his death to the Duke of Gloucester; but that prince was so universally odious, that his crimes might easily have been exaggerated, for he found few or none to vindicate his memory, and many to asperse it. It is certain, however, that Henry died suddenly;

and a great doubt remains whether it was occasioned by violent or natural means.

Queen Margaret was still detained in custody by Edward, though, after the death of her husband and son, she could no longer be formidable to his government.

After being shut up in the Tower four years and a half, she was ransomed by Lewis the Eleventh of France, for the sum of fifty thousand crowns; and this queen, who had so long acted a conspicuous part in the Grand Theatre of the World, retired immediately into France, where she passed the remainder of her days in privacy, and died in the year 1482.

The history of the various and interesting events which occurred during the life of Margaret of Anjou, and the share she took in them, is replete with instruction to every station in public or private life—exemplifying, as it does most forcibly, the vast superiority of simple integrity over refined duplicity; the safety of following the straight path of rectitude, in preference to threading the labyrinth of deceit; and the necessity of setting bounds to our desires, instead of blindly tracking the footsteps of passion or ambition. There cannot be a doubt that her conduct brought about many of those events which terminated so contrary to her wishes, but were not less the fruits of her own vicious policy. Had she been endowed with moderation and the more amiable qualities of her sex, she might have proved to England a blessing rather than a curse, and have formed a strong and mutually advantageous link between her husband and father. Had she been a faithful wife, the control of her favourites would

not have had power to move her to those acts of violence, which proved fatal to others and ruinous to herself. In short, had virtue regulated her conduct, she might have continued to fill the throne of a happy and contented land. Dispensing benefits on every hand, she might have seen her son, whose title to the realms of his father would have been undisputed, ascend the throne in peace; but now, by her turbulent ambition, and unnatural thirst for blood, she saw him deprived of his patrimony, reduced to live in exile, and after passing through scenes of strife and civil contention, dying in the spring of life, under the daggers of assassins.

But she adopted a more dangerous course; and, by sating her thirst for rule by the worst chosen and least defensible means, she raised a mighty power against her, and plunged the whole country into a series of wars and factious contentions, that lasted far beyond her own term of existence, extending over a space of thirty years, during which, thirteen pitched battles were fought between the adherents of the two roses, with various successes to the leaders on each side, but heaping constant and accumulating misery upon the nation at large.

As a queen, her career was dignified but masculine, and variously chequered by fortune. She rendered herself illustrious by her courage and undaunted spirit, but was tainted with the ferocity of the age in which she lived, and which seemed to have been but too congenial to her natural disposition, which was ungentle, vindictive, and sanguinary, and which failed not to make her an object of abhorrence, not only to the English nation, but to the world in general.

LADY JANE GREY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the brief space of existence allotted to Lady Jane Grey, and although she was untimely cut off by fate ere the powers of her mind had had sufficient time and opportunity to develop themselves, yet has she well established her claim to a place in the history of Celebrated Women.

She was the daughther of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, a nobleman descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families in the kingdom. Her mother was the Lady Frances Brandon, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, Dowager Queen of France, the younger sister of Henry the Eighth, and was born at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, in the year 1537.

Early in life Lady Jane showed a deep and devoted love of study; and her education was in consequence carefully attended to by her parents, who seemed to have a most ardent desire that she should excel; but who, either from a want of natural affection, or, what is more easy and charitable to conceive, from an idea that excessive severity was necessary to forward her improvement, were uncommonly strict in the treatment of their daughter.

The preceptor chosen for her was John Aylmer, who afterwards became Bishop of London; and the learned and celebrated Roger Ascham also occasionally contributed to her instruction. The latter, as, indeed, was the case with the former, seems to have been exceedingly partial to Lady Jane; doubtless attracted by the amiable meekness and simplicity of her character, as well as by her early display of extraordinary talents and learning.

In writing to his intimate friend, the good and erudite John Starmias, Rector of the Protestant University of Strasburgh, he speaks of Lady Jane Grey in a strain of warm eulogium. And though her rank, youth, and beauty, might have biassed him in his praises, and his politeness have impelled him to express them with some degree of exaggeration, yet Ascham cannot be accused in any degree of flattery, since his encomiums were justified and corroborated by too many talented performances to leave any doubt of his sincerity. When writing to Lady Jane, he addressed her in Latin, which sufficiently proves her intimate acquaintance with that language; and in one of his letters to Starmias, he states that the nobility of England at that period were very learned; and, in proof of this assertion, he cites Lady Jane Grey as an example: relating that, in the month of August, 1550, he had visited the Marquis of Dorset at his seat of Bradgate, in Leicestershire, where, on his arrival, he found the family were out on a hunting excursion. Gaining admission, however, to Lady Jane's apartment, he found her alone and engaged in reading Plato, in the original Greek, which she understood so perfectly, as to excite in him extreme wonder: for she

was still under fifteen years of age. She also possessed the power of speaking and writing in Greek, and willingly promised to address a letter to him in that language. He adds, also, many curious and affecting particulars. Indeed, her sweet and candid detail of her feelings, as furnished by this learned man, impresses the mind with an idea that she was imbued with a kind of domestic sorrow, seldom felt by the young, especially in her rank of life; but which, possibly, so well prepared her mind for the trials she afterwards sustained with such Christian fortitude.

Ascham having asked her how, at her age, she could have attained to such perfection both in philosophy and languages—"I will tell you," said she, "and tell you a truth, which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits which ever God gave me is, that he sent me such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a teacher. For, when I am in presence either of my father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry, or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world. Or else—I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, nay, prevented sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name, for the honour I bear my parents—I am so disordered, that I think myself in hell, till the moment comes that I must go to Mr. Aylmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, and with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. But, when I am called from him, I

fall a-weeping! because, whatsoever else I do but learning, is full of grief, fear, and trouble. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more enjoyment, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Although the parents of Lady Jane appeared to be insensible to the merits she possessed, the very contrary was the case with others; for all who had the happiness of becoming acquainted with her admired her talents, and loved her character. Many learned divines showed her the highest consideration; and often, indeed, they were wont to indulge in a strain of flattery towards her, which was unbecoming in them, and might have been highly detrimental to so young a person. To Lady Jane, however, it proved innocuous; neither exciting arrogance nor self-sufficiency: her natural good sense retaining her mind in all its native purity and simplicity.

She had early imbibed the Protestant doctrines; and was, by a combination of causes, strongly attached to them: and, in respect to her religious belief, the greatness of her mind shone out most conspicuously; for, having fixed her principles on what she conceived to be a solid basis, neither reward nor persecution, life nor death, could shake her firm adherence to them.

It will be necessary, ere we proceed to detail the political plots in which Lady Jane Grey became unwillingly involved, and which terminated so disastrously for herself and family, to trace the relation she bore to the royal family of England, and her pretensions to the throne.

Henry the Eighth left behind him three children, the Princess Mary, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Edward, then but a child. By his will he devised the crown, first to his son, Edward, then to Mary, next to Elizabeth; and, after his own children, he settled the succession on Frances Brandon, Marchioness of Dorset, eldest daughter of his younger sister, the French Queen; and last of all, on Eleanor, Countess of Cumberland, the *second* daughter of the same sister, thereby entirely excluding his *elder* sister and her descendants. By this arrangement, the Marchioness of Dorset, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, was next in succession, after the direct issue of the late king.

The majority of Prince Edward was fixed, by Henry's will, at the completion of his eighteenth year; and sixteen executors were appointed, to whom, during his minority, the government of the king and kingdom was intrusted. Amongst these was Admiral Viscount Lisle, first created Earl of Warwick, and afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

The intrigues of this nobleman rendered him undisputed master of the sovereign and government; and having, by many a bold and crafty step, attained to the highest rank of nobility which could be enjoyed by a subject, for some time seemed to have reached the acme of his ambitious desires. But his power was threatened, from a cause on which he little reckoned, and which was entirely beyond his control.

The youthful Edward, through whom and over whom he reigned, was seized with a lingering sickness, and it was but too truly anticipated that his amiable career would be terminated by his malady.

Northumberland knew that a continuance of the power he wielded alone could shield his many lawless and rapacious acts, which, without such protection, would soon bring upon him the punishment he merited.

A dangerous and desperate scheme suggested itself to his mind, as the only means left for preventing the extinction of his power—which was more dreaded by the Duke, then even the personal hazard it would entail on himself or others. Against the Princess Mary, the next heir, he had taken a very conspicuous part, not only in harsh measures towards herself, but also by giving every demonstration of hostility to the faith she professed. He therefore felt assured that her accession would consign him to perfect insignificance, if not to the block itself.

To prevent the execution of King Henry's will, in this particular, he determined upon a course of measures, which eventually brought on him that ruin he so strenuously endeavoured to avoid, and which, unfortunately, was not confined in its effects to his own guilty person. In the first place, he sought to ally himself firmly with the Dorset family; and, to farther the scheme which was yet in embryo in his breast, he caused the Dukedom of Suffolk to be bestowed upon the Marquis of Dorset; and by thus exciting his gratitude, he engaged Dorset, now Duke of Suffolk, a weak and inconsiderate man, to give his eldest daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, in marriage to his fourth son, Guilford Dudley. To fortify himself as much as possible by ties of this nature, he negotiated likewise an alliance between Suffolk's second daughter, Lady Catherine Grey, and the eldest son of his associate, the Earl of Pem-

broke, at the same time bestowing his own daughter upon Lord Hastings.

These nuptials were all celebrated in one day, and with such ostentation and magnificence that the people, who already hated Northumberland for his tyranny, could not forbear expressing their indignation at seeing such public demonstrations of joy in the present dangerous state of the king's health.

Finding the malady of the prince daily increasing upon him, and rendering his recovery hopeless, he ventured to persuade Edward to change the succession; representing to him the danger that would accrue to the Protestant faith, were Mary to mount the throne, and the impossibility of setting aside Mary without invalidating the claims of Elizabeth; but significantly pointing out the method of justifying such a course, by stating that his two sisters had both been declared illegitimate by act of parliament; and that though Henry by his will had restored them to a place in the succession, yet the nation would never submit to see the throne of England filled by a bastard; that they were his sisters by half-blood only; and, even if they had been legitimate, could not enjoy the crown as his heirs. He urged also that, if the testamentary disposition of Henry the Eighth were adhered to, the Princess Mary must of necessity precede her sister, and the cause of religious reformation be lost, perhaps, for ever. The Queen of Scots, he asserted, was excluded, both by the late king's will, and by being an alien; so that the succession naturally devolved upon the Marchioness of Dorset, the next heir to whom was the Lady Jane Grey; a lady of the most amiable character, of a finished education, both as to reli-

gion and literature, and one every way worthy of a crown. It was evident, however, that Lady Jane had no title during the life of her mother; but this objection was obviated by Northumberland procuring from that lady a full renunciation of her own right, and that of any future son who might be born to her.

Thus had he cleared the ground, when the rapid decline of Edward's health made him more than ever anxious for the completion of his design. He ardently pressed the dying king to dispose the crown by will to Lady Jane Grey, citing as a precedent the example of his revered parent, and arguing strongly that the present step was the only method of working out that parent's object. Bent on the accomplishment of this purpose, he removed all, except his own emissaries, from about the king, and attended him with the greatest assiduity: he pretended the most anxious concern for his health, and the weal of the Protestant faith; till at length, by such artifices, he prevailed upon the prince to give his consent to the proposed settlement.

Much allowance must here be made for the extreme youth of Edward, the sinking state of his frame, and his debilitated mind, as well as for the natural partiality he bore his near relation, and the companion of his childhood, Lady Jane Grey; not to mention the constant solicitations of the harpies that were placed around his dying couch, who were not even led by the death-bed of youthful royalty to ponder on the short, vain, and insignificant, reign of human grandeur!

Though Northumberland had so far successfully carried through his complicated intrigue, much re-

sistance arose in the council, and upon the bench, when letters patent were to be drawn up. The last who opposed it was Cranmer, who yielded only to the pathetic entreaties of the young king himself. The judges, also, though reduced to great difficulties, between apprehended future dangers, and those which threatened from the violence of present power and authority, were induced or compelled to execute the required instrument.

This inauspicious arrangement was scarcely finished, when Edward expired at Greenwich, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign, leaving the succession to the throne involved in more complicated difficulties even than his father, Henry VIII. Happily for England, however, they were adjusted without that degree of contention and bloodshed, which might have resulted in a different age and temperament of society.

Notwithstanding so many prognostications, the death of Edward was more sudden than the Duke of Northumberland had expected, and he was at last obliged to complete his arrangements with precipitation. Letters, under his direction, had been written by the council just before the king's death, to require the presence of the two princesses, under the ostensible plea of taking their final leave of Edward, but in reality to bring them under the power of Northumberland. The king, however, expired before their arrival; and the wily Duke, knowing that the possession of the persons of Elizabeth and Mary was necessary to the perfect success of his views, endeavoured to conceal the death of their brother, that they might yet fall into the snare prepared for them; but timely warning of his designs, and of

the death of the king, was afforded them by their friends, when they were within a small distance of the court, upon receipt of which they immediately retraced their steps, and showed plainly to Northumberland that all farther dissimulation was useless.

He went, therefore, to Sion House, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk and others of the nobility, and, with all the forms of respect usually paid to the sovereign, approached Lady Jane Grey, who then resided there. Here had she lived since her marriage, enjoying the society of her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who well deserved her affection. Her time had chiefly been occupied in intellectual pursuits, and study still continued the delight of her hours of retirement. Ambitious thoughts had never yet entered her mind, which was filled with the far sweeter ideas of calm philosophy and domestic happiness. She had been totally ignorant of the schemes of her father-in-law, and the fact is well ascertained, that she was entirely unacquainted with the design of his extensive intrigues, until her elevation was made known to her upon the death of Edward.

Such tidings were received by her with the deepest regret, and she long refused to accept the tendered crown. Fairly representing the injustice of depriving the princesses of their birthright, and combating successfully every argument her relations advanced, she pleaded anxiously for leave to remain in the happy obscurity she then enjoyed. But Northumberland's ambition was not easily to be turned aside from the completion of what had cost him so much toil to accomplish, and his earnest re-

monstrances were seconded by Lady Jane's father; but all ineffectually, until the importunities of Lord Guilford Dudley, a husband she devotedly loved, were added; she thereupon yielded, but with the most heart-felt regret. Indeed, her tears seemed but too prophetic of the fatal consequences which would follow from the consent which had been thus reluctantly wrung from her.

The objections against the princesses, which the partisans of Lady Jane published, struck the nation with astonishment; though all the Protestants, and many of the Catholics, believed the marriage of Henry the Eighth with Catherine of Arragon to be unlawful and invalid; yet, as it had been contracted by the parties without any criminal intention, had been avowed by their parents, recognised by the nation, and seemingly founded upon those principles of law and religion which then prevailed; few imagined that their issue ought, on that account, to be regarded as illegitimate.

Henry had, indeed, with his usual violence and caprice, extorted a declaration of illegitimacy from the parliament; but he had, in his last settlement of the question, restored his daughter's right; and, during all the reign of Edward, Mary had been considered as his legal successor. No doubt the Protestants dreaded the effects of her bigotry; but the universal hatred entertained against the Dudleys, who, it was easy to foresee, would govern under the name of Jane, overbalanced even the religious attachment of the party. This attempt to violate the order of succession, also, which might again fill the country with bloodshed and confusion, displayed in the strongest light the ambition and injustice of

Northumberland; and led the people to reflect upon his long-practised fraud, cruelty, and iniquity. They plainly saw that for this he had sacrificed the lives of the two Seymours, and would now subvert the title of the daughters of King Henry, a monarch whose memory was held in general veneration. Thus moved to indignation, the people began in all quarters to exert themselves in opposition to such criminal enterprises.

To return, however, to our immediate subject. Lady Jane, as we have seen, was at last prevailed upon, by the joint entreaties of her father, Northumberland, and her husband, to relinquish her own judgment, and take upon her the onerous duties of a sovereign. In all probability, the dangerous predicament in which her relatives stood, was the most powerful motive for her change of determination, since they had already gone too far to retract, and her success could alone avert their ruin.

It was at that time usual for the Kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days of their reign in the Tower of London; and Northumberland immediately conveyed the new queen thither. All the counsellors were obliged to attend her to that fortress; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the duke's hands, whose will they were, consequently, obliged to obey.

Orders were then given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom, but this was only obeyed in London and its neighbourhood; and even there no applause ensued. The proclamation was heard with silence and concern; and some even expressed their scorn and contempt, for which they were punished severely. The eloquence of the pul-

pit likewise was not found to produce any effect in convincing the people of Jane's title. The troops and ships intended to support her claims were carried over to Mary, by their commanders. All means were alike ineffectual—and it was soon seen that the cause of Lady Jane Grey was in a most desperate condition. In the mean time Mary had assured all those who tendered her service, that she never meant to alter the laws of Edward; and, consequently, a vast number of Protestant noblemen, with their retainers, flocked to her standard; and religious distinctions were unnoticed in her ranks. How she kept her promise, the records of history but too painfully show.

Northumberland, taken in the toils which ambition had hidden from his eyes, saw all his danger, and knew not which way to turn himself for aid. Though the council manifested their present subserviency to him, by proclaiming Queen Jane, and by issuing a summons in her name to Mary, to lay aside her pretensions to the crown, he was too well aware of the hollowness of forced professions, to place any confidence in them.

He at length marched at the head of the troops to resist the forces levied by Mary in Norfolk and Suffolk, though, had he had any one to whose abilities he could have confided the command of the army, he would have greatly wished to remain to direct the necessary operations near the person of the Lady Jane.

The counsellors attended on him at his departure with the highest protestations of attachment; and none professed more than Arundel, his mortal enemy. As he proceeded through the country, his experi-

enced and suspicious eye marked the disaffection of the people, and he observed to Lord Grey, "Many come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries 'God speed you!'"

On reaching St. Edmundsbury, he found his army, not exceeding six thousand men, depressed in spirits, weakened by desertion, and quite unable to cope with that of Mary, which was double the number, and encouraged by the daily accession of fresh partisans. He wrote to the council for a re-enforcement, and they seized the opportunity it afforded to emancipate themselves from his domination, and their confinement in the Tower, by advising a conference to be held in the City, ostensibly indeed to execute his commands, but, in truth, to deliberate upon the best means of freeing themselves from his tyranny, and making their peace with the winning party. This design was unperceived, or at least its execution permitted by the Duke of Suffolk, who had been left in charge of affairs at London, when Northumberland quitted with the army, and the meeting took place at the house of Earl Pembroke.

When they were assembled, Arundel opened the conference; and after enumerating all the vices and crimes of Northumberland, proposed a speedy return to the duty they owed their lawful sovereign, as the best atonement for their past offences. This was seconded with great warmth by Pembroke, and carried with scarcely a dissentient voice. The Mayor and Aldermen of London came with alacrity upon the summons they received from the council to proclaim Queen Mary; and shouts of applause showed the approbation with which it was received by the people.

Even the Duke of Suffolk, who commanded in the Tower, finding resistance fruitless, opened the gates, and declared for her; while the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, after a nominal reign of ten days, forced upon her by the criminal ambition of others, was detained as a prisoner in that fortress, which she had entered as a sovereign!

Messengers were immediately sent by the council to order Northumberland to lay down his arms. They found him deserted by his partisans and soldiers, without an arm having been raised in his unjust cause; and it is asserted that he had, with that peculiar meanness, which is ever associated with cowardice and cruelty, been the first man to throw up his cap in the market place of Cambridge, and cry, "God save Queen Mary!"

The next day he was arrested by his bitter enemy, the Earl of Arundel, in her majesty's name, when he abjectly fell on his knees and begged for his life. Three of his sons, his brother, and several noblemen, were committed at the same time; but Mary, desirous of popularity, showed clemency to most of them. The guilt of Northumberland, however, was too great, and his ambition too dangerous, to permit her entertaining towards him even the idea of mercy; and he accordingly suffered, with two others, the full penalty of his crimes. Sentence was afterwards pronounced upon Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford Dudley, but without any present intention of putting it in execution—the youth and innocence of both, for neither had yet reached their seventeenth year, offering strong pleas for lenity and forbearance.

After this period, Mary, with regular and unde-

viating steps, advanced to reinstate the Catholics in the different situations from which they had been thrust by the Reformation. Her disposition contained all the elements of the darkest bigotry. Her naturally sour and obstinate temper had been irritated by contradiction and misfortune; and her ignorance rendered her incapable of doubt as to her own belief, or of indulgence to the opinions of others. So that the greatest fears were naturally entertained for the stability of the Protestant religion, from the persecuting fanaticism of her blind zeal. These fears were strengthened by every day's experience; and, at last, the determination of a marriage with Philip of Spain afforded the excuse for a band of conspirators to take arms for its prevention.

This conspiracy had been well arranged, but lacked that skill in its management which was necessary to its perfect accomplishment; Sir Thomas Wyatt, its first promoter, being entrapped at the gates of the City, when he dreamt of nothing but the most complete success. Its main object was to elevate the Princess Elizabeth to the throne, and so avoid the dreaded yoke of the Spanish tyrant, and the reign and persecuting spirit of Catholicism. It was suppressed, however. But the stern, vindictive spirit of Mary's government now became fully apparent. Sir Thomas Wyatt had been joined by the London train bands, who, although they were inclined to the Protestant cause, had been sent against him by the government. For this defection, and in order to admonish that body of the fruits of rebellion, sixty of them were gibbeted, and the bodies left hanging till the public entry of King Phi-

lip, upon his marriage with Mary, six months afterwards.

The Duke of Suffolk, nothing wiser for the experience which Northumberland's intrigue and execution afforded, nor even rendered cautious by the imprisonment of his daughter, Lady Jane, and her husband, who were still placed completely at the mercy of Mary, most inconsiderately joined the conspiracy; seeming to act under some infatuation, which rendered him perfectly negligent of the life and welfare of himself or children.

That his crime should have been visited with a capital punishment, need not raise our surprise or censure; but his participation in this rebellion proved fatal to Lady Jane and her husband. Little was previously wanting to induce Mary to carry into effect the sentence under which they lay; and the guilt of the father at once sealed the doom of his children. Political jealousy and religious bigotry doubtless combined to urge on the relentless temper of the queen; and, being totally incapable of feeling either generosity or clemency, she now determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended; and the Lady Jane, and Guilford Dudley, her husband, were forthwith ordered to prepare for the execution of that decree, which had remained so long suspended over them.

Lady Jane, indeed, had long expected the fatal intelligence, and had prepared her mind for such a result; while the innocence of her life, as well as her misfortunes, rendered it not unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, however, induced her to send Ca-

tholic divines to the prisoner, who harassed her with perpetual disputation, and disturbed the deep and placid tone of her mind during even that short period of her existence.

Feckenham, Mary's confessor, according to the instructions he had received, exerted his utmost endeavours to prevail upon her to change her faith, but in vain. Still encouraging hopes that she might be converted to the faith of the Church of Rome, a reprieve of three days was given her; but the Lady Jane had strength of mind, even in those melancholy circumstances, not only strenuously to defend her religion, but also to write a letter to her sister in the Greek language, in which, accompanied by a copy of the Bible in the same tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

The delay granted was only a lengthening of her distress, for she had made up her mind to die; but, ere it elapsed, she was made acquainted with the disasters of her father, who, during this interval, was brought to the Tower. On receiving this intelligence, she wrote to the duke that memorable letter, which we will now partially transcribe; it runs thus:—

"FATHER,

"Although it has pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet I can so patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days, than if all the world had been given into my possession, with life lengthened at my own will: and albeit, I am very well assured of your sorrow,

both in bewailing your own wo, and especially, as I am informed, my woful state; yet, my dear father, herein I may account myself blessed, that, washing my hands in innocency, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, Mercy to the innocent. And yet, though I must needs acknowledge that, being constrained, and, as you know well enough, continually assailed, yet in taking upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended against the queen and her laws: yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less, in that being in so royal a state as I was, my enforced honour never mingled with my innocent heart.

* * * * *

"And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I presently stand—my death at hand.

"Although, perhaps, it may seem woful, yet there is nothing which can to me be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ my Saviour; in whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father) the Lord that hath hitherto strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"I am,

"Your obedient daughter till death,

"JANE DUDLEY."

While in prison, Lady Jane had composed several prayers, suitable to her awful circumstances; and her mind was so firm, as to allow her to correct them the night before she suffered. It is said, that

even at this solemn moment she was intruded upon by the Catholic priests, who importuned her to become a convert, but she remained to the last firm in her adherence to the Protestant faith.

It had been intended that Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guilford, who had been confined separately, should be executed upon the same scaffold on Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, noble birth, and many virtues, changed these orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower.

On the day of their execution, Lord Guilford desired permission to see his wife, which was granted by Mary; but she herself refused to give consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy, which their approaching end required of them. Their separation (she said) would be but for a moment, and they would then rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be for ever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortune, could no longer have access, or disturb their eternal felicity.

On Monday, the twelfth of February, 1554, Lord Guilford was led to execution; and having given him some token of her remembrance from the window, Lady Jane waited with composure for her own appointed hour in holy resignation.

Lord Guilford met his fate with fortitude and dignity, and, after having taken a last farewell of his friends, who waited for him, ascended the scaffold with firmness, and paused a few minutes, seem-

ingly engaged in devotion. He then requested the assembled crowd to pray for him, and, calmly laying his head on the block, it was instantly severed from his body.

The report she received of his behaviour during his last moments confirmed Lady Jane in her resolution, which did not even desert her when she beheld the headless trunk of her husband returning in the cart for interment. At this sight she exclaimed, "Oh! Guilford, Guilford! the fate you have tasted, and which I shall soon taste, is not so bitter as to make me tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast that you and I shall partake of this day in heaven!"

Immediately after the decapitation of Lord Guilford, the sheriffs announced to Lady Jane that the hour was come in which they must lead her to the scaffold. She received the intimation with the same unshaken fortitude; and Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to leave him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her tablet-book, on which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of these were, that human justice was against his body, but that Divine mercy would be favourable to his soul. That if her fault deserved punishment, her youth and inexperience were, at least, worthy of excuse, and that she trusted God and posterity would show her favour.

Her speech from the scaffold to the by-standers was full of the mildness of her disposition. She took the blame wholly on herself, without uttering

one complaint for the severity with which she had been treated; and said that she had less erred through ambition, than through reverence to her parents. Her fault was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she willingly received death as an atonement to the laws, her filial piety had betrayed her to infringe, though ignorantly; that she deserved this punishment, for being made (though unwillingly) the instrument of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life she hoped might, at least, be useful, as proving that innocence does not excuse great misdeeds, which tend in any way to public crimes. My offence (said she) against the queen was none of my seeking, but by counsel of others. I knew little of the laws, and nothing of the titles to the crown; from all guilty intentions I do wash my hands in innocency before God and you! Assist me with your prayers! Having uttered these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and, after exclaiming in a clear voice, "Lord! into thy hands I commend my spirit!" she laid her head upon the block with a steady and serene countenance—and, after a momentary pause, the fatal axe fell.

With such magnanimity, at the early age of seventeen, ended the life of Lady Jane Grey, one of the most talented, amiable, and virtuous of her sex; leaving as an example to after ages a career adorned with the brightest traits of fortitude, honour, and honesty, and a character utterly without a stain.

ANNA COMNENA.

In depicting the life of any person who has mingled with or greatly influenced the more important events of the time in which he lived, we may be naturally seduced into writing the history of the whole period, instead of the biography of the individual. Nor is it always easy or even wise to abstain too rigidly from trenching on the pale of general history, especially where the circumstances of the times, or the fortunes of other public characters, affected deeply the fate of the subject of our memoir.

As the narrative of the life of Anna Comnena receives much elucidation from that of her father, Alexius Comnenus, and her fame is built in a great degree upon the account she has written of his actions, it would appear to be satisfactory, and in some degree necessary, to look back to the reign of that monarch, ere we proceed to relate her private history.

Alexius I., Emperor of the East, was born at Constantinople in 1048. He was son of John Comnenus, brother to the Emperor Isaac. After having received an education suitable to his birth, he was early employed in military service, and, along with his elder brother Issac, commanded for some time against the Turks.

Isaac and Alexius restored the imperial greatness of their house. The latter, if we may believe the accounts of those attached to him, was endowed with the choicest gifts, both of mind and body; and those gifts had not only received all the advantages of the most liberal cultivation, but had been also exercised in the practice of obedience, and in the severe school of adversity. After a variety of political changes, too numerous to be mentioned in this place, the throne of Constantinople was left vacant. To one or the other of the Comneni it was certain to fall; and a generous contest ensued between the brothers, each giving the preference to the other. This noble strife was terminated by Isaac, who was the first to invest his younger brother with the name and ensigns of royalty; and Alexius ascended the throne of Constantinople. After the period of his elevation, he sustained many conflicts with various success; the empire was invaded by a succession of enemies; and, though the Scythians, who were among the last, suffered severe defeats from the arms of Alexius, his very victories exhausted his resources, and a fierce war with the Turks kept the empire in fear and agitation, till the period of the famous first crusade brought with it new dangers of a different description.

Alexius had greatly contributed to raise up the storm, which soon menaced his own dominions, by the strong representations which he caused to be made by his ambassadors at the famous council of Placentia, respecting the danger with which Constantinople was threatened by the Turks, and by his suppliant addresses to the various martial princes of Europe. When the fame of Peter the Hermit

first reached his capital, Alexius sent deputies to salute him and to hasten his proceedings. Nor is it improbable that the Emperor at this time acted with perfect sincerity; for he had not as yet learnt to dread the coming of the Crusaders. The victorious Turks, the general enemies of Christendom, were divided from him only by a narrow sea; and it became his interest to league in his defence all those who were already united against his adversary by the bond of a common faith. He therefore flattered the pride of the Latin princes; and, appealing at once to both their policy and religion, exhorted them to repel the barbarians on the confines of Asia, rather than to permit them to reach the heart of Europe. In that age, every thing that was Christian was adored, and the very dust of Palestine, as a sacred relic, was carefully conveyed to Europe. The religious pilgrim, who visited the Holy Land from the fervency of devotion, either in order to behold the scenes of the ministry of his Divine Master, or in the hope of expiating his own sins, set off amidst the tears and benedictions of his friends and neighbours; and, on his return, he placed the branch of the sacred palm tree (which he had brought from Jerusalem) over the altar of his church. Thanksgivings were offered up, and he was honoured with rustic festivities and revered for his pious labours in so glorious a cause. The tale of the miseries and perils inflicted on their brethren of the East melted to tears every assembly where the envoys of Alexius appeared; and the embassy was dismissed, with the assurance of a speedy and powerful succour. The release of the Holy City from the hands of the infidels was the first and chief

object of the people of Europe; but the relief of Constantinople was likewise included, and promised to the Greek Emperor.

In the spring of the year 1096, the masses of European population began to roll; and, with so many powerful, enthusiastic motives, it is not to be wondered at that the multitude was immense, nor is it astonishing that Alexius saw with dismay the mighty and ungovernable engine which he had called into action. He had prayed for assistance, but now his country was likely to be overwhelmed entirely, though not by a hostile army.

The first body of the champions of the cross consisted of many thousand foot and a very small number of horse, led by Walter the Penniless, (so named from his poverty) a gentleman of Burgundy. They swept along from France to Hungary, falling into many difficulties, and diminished by successive disasters; but the flame of piety had not spread into Bulgaria: the representatives of Alexius forbade all commerce, as they now regarded the pilgrims as savage invaders; and Walter, their leader, escaped with but a very few associates to Constantinople, where he was promised protection by Alexius.

The second division was composed of forty thousand men, of all nations; and the march of so undisciplined a crowd was naturally marked by innumerable irregularities, atrocities, and misfortunes. Fifteen thousand next advanced from Lorraine, and many scenes of horror and violence ensued. But still the spirit of the crusaders, though in many instances shaded by human error, and darkened by vice, profligacy, and crime, displayed a large portion of great, zealous, and noble feelings, and proved,

in a thousand ways, a blessing to Europe. The men of infamous character who, all allow, mixed with the multitude of the religious and the brave, certainly learned to control, in a degree, their propensity to evil, or might be inspired with a love of virtue by the more noble and elevated characters of those who principally filled the ranks of the cross. After the council of Clermont, where universally peace was preached and commanded, and "the truce of God" was sworn throughout the Country, the feuds, plunders, injuries, and murders, disappeared; and the sign of the cross, we are told, displayed on every shoulder was the harbinger of peace to Christendom, while every hour added to the number of crusaders.

But, the armies, or rather undisciplined crowds, we have mentioned, were only the forerunners of the high and chivalrous body which was destined to effect the great object looked forward to. The highest names in Europe were among the candidates for military and religious distinction on the present occasion. Six of the most distinguished leaders, Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, brother of Philip, King of France; Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother of William Rufus; Robert, Count of Flanders; Boemond, Prince of Tarentum; and Raimond, Count of Toulouse, were collected under the banner of the cross; and by them six separate armies were conducted towards Constantinople.

In perusing the arid page of history, in general so barren of every thing but rapine, duplicity, and profligacy, one of our greatest consolations arises from the contemplation of such characters as those of several of the leaders just named: it refreshes

the mind; and we pause, with the same delight as the traveller does upon a green bank after his passage through the desert. Our limits will not permit detail; but cold indeed must be that breast that is insensible to the noble and heroic actions, which seem to have been suddenly called forth to light the darkness of the age, by some pure and exalted spirit hitherto unknown.

In the war which followed under these gallant leaders, the spirit of chivalry was seen to shine forth in its highest lustre, and to furnish the purest instances of those virtues attributed to the knightly character: but, throughout the whole, the conduct of Alexius is represented in the most opposite lights by his various contemporaries.

It is not easy, at this period, even with a diligent investigation of all the events in which he was actually engaged with the crusaders, to ascertain whether his actions arose from the artful cunning of the Greek character, or from the unforeseen difficulties into which the presence of the unwieldy body of the crusade had thrown him. His apprehensions had been naturally excited by the barbarous and ferocious allies which accompanied Peter the Hermit and Walter *Sans-avoir;* and he was thenceforward rather disposed to consider the crusaders as enemies than friends. When the banner of the cross was displayed, the population of Europe was precipitated as one deluge upon Asia; and Constantinople had nearly been swept away in the course of the torrent. Some historians speak of the Emperor as steering the imperial vessel at this time with dexterity and courage, being bold in

action, skilful in stratagem, patient of fatigue, rising from his defeats with inexhaustible vigour, and displaying many of the qualities of a great general. But others, it must be acknowledged, representing him as acting with base duplicity, tergiversation, violence, and treachery.

It was during these events that the Princess Anna Comnena first distinguished herself at the court of Constantinople. She was the daughter of Alexius and of Irene, Emperor and Empress of the East; and was born the first of December, 1083.* We are told by Zonaras, one of her panegyrists, that she loved study so ardently, that she made it her ordinary occupation, in the midst of a frivolous and voluptuous court. And a long account is added of her proficiency in history, belles lettres, and philosophy: nor is this statement unsupported by the writings she has left behind.

The authors of the Journal des Sçavans have indeed insinuated a curious suspicion with regard to her famous history. "The elegance," say they, "with which Anna Comnena has described, in fifteen books, the life and actions of her father, and the strong and eloquent manner in which she has set them off, are so much above the ordinary understanding of women, that one is almost led to doubt whether she was the author." No suspicion of the kind, however, seems to have been entertained at the time; and, although contemporary flattery might have produced the recorded praises of the talents of the Emperor's daughter, the work

* Some writers say 1081.

which has been handed down to us with her name may reasonably be admitted as their justification.

At the time of the first crusade, Anna Comnena had reached her thirteenth year; and it is supposed that, even at that early age, she was already married to a distinguished youth of the name of Nicephorus Bryennius, of whom she speaks in terms of the strongest affection. The circumstances under which their union took place are not unworthy of notice. Before the elevation of Alexius to the imperial dignity, he commanded the army of the Emperor Nicephorus Botoniates, and was sent by him to quell the insurrection raised against the monarch by Nicephorus Bryennius. He succeeded, and is said to have punished the great rebel by putting out his eyes; but, having perceived that his eldest son (who bore the same name as his father, Nicephorus Bryennius) showed great talent, as well as dignity of manners, he marked his approbation by peculiar favours. When Alexius, by the deposition of Botoniates, raised himself to the throne, he conferred upon Bryennius the title of Cæsar, and bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter, Anna, whose narrative tends to show that her husband deserved the good opinion of the Emperor, by his subsequent conduct.

For many years the history of Anna Comnena again merges in that of her father; but in the closing scene of his life, she appears not in the most amiable character. The Empress Irene, who was extremely partial to her daughter Anna, wished to prevail on Alexius to leave her as his successor, instead of his eldest surviving son; and the princess, notwithstanding her pretensions to philosophical

moderation, showed no objection to adorn herself with the splendour of a throne. The solicitations were pressed unfeelingly upon the Emperor in his late hours; and as he raised his head, and uttered a most natural and pious ejaculation on the vanity of this world, Irene returned a reply, perhaps just, but certainly indecent—"You die as you have lived —a hypocrite!" The order of the male succession was upheld by the friends of their country; and the lawful heir drew the royal signet from the finger of his insensible father, and was obeyed as sovereign. The conduct of Anna Comnena at this period has fixed a deep stain upon her memory, and shows clearly how, even in the bosom of a woman, ambition may conquer and exclude every generous, just and natural feeling. The diadem, to which her hopes had been once raised, was now constantly before her eyes; and, in conjunction with Irene, her first attempt was to place her husband on the throne, instead of the rightful heir; but to this the noble Bryennius would by no means consent. Disappointed in the hopes she had fixed upon the elevation of her husband, her ambition and revenge led her to conspire against the life itself of her eldest brother; but when her designs were again frustated by the scruples of her husband, she forgot for a moment even the love with which he had inspired her, and bitterly observed that nature had mistaken the two sexes, and had endowed Bryennius with the soul of a woman. The character of her two brothers, John and Isaac, form a bright contrast to that of Anna Comnena; they maintained the fraternal concord, which Gibbon justly calls "the hereditary virtue of their race," inviolate. The young-

er was content with the title of Sebastocrator, a name which conveyed no real power; and fortunately for the Princess, the brother whom she had attempted to destroy possessed those virtues which she herself had cast away. He was ugly, diminutive, and swarthy; but the high qualities of his mind soon taught his subjects to forget the defects of his body, and were first illustrated by his conduct to his sister. As the punishment due to her treason, the loss of life and fortune might not have been considered too severe a retribution; but her brother's clemency spared her life. He was not inclined, however, to spare the treasures she had accumulated during the life-time of her father; and he bestowed them on a generous friend, Azuch, a slave of Turkish extraction. He nobly declined the gift, and presumed to plead for the criminal; and the Emperor John soon forgot his indignation in fraternal affection. The only chastisement (though, perhaps, the most severe that could have been inflicted) which was imposed on the guilty Princess, was the just reproach of a clement and generous brother. The estates of all the conspirators against this best and greatest of all the Comenian princes were afterwards restored by the Emperor himself.

Bryennius, the husband of Anna Comnena, was sent, about the year 1137, to besiege Antioch: but, under the labours, the privations, and the exposure, of a camp, he fell sick, and, returning, died at Constantinople. Anna, after this period, lived long in retirement, and appears still to have employed her time in study. Here she composed her principal work, the Alexiad; and she seems (notwithstanding her base and guilty actions towards her brother,)

to have preserved to her last hour that filial affection which is one of the best traits in her character. She appears also to have been conscious that the suspicions of her readers might be naturally excited by the history of a father's actions recited by a daughter; and she more than once declares that she draws the facts contained in her history, not from personal knowledge only, but from the testimony of the most correct and respectable witnesses —that, after an interval of thirty years passed in solitude, with hopes and fears extinguished, the simple truth was more dear to her than even her father's renown.

Yet, in place of that simplicity which generally characterizes sincerity, the narrative is too often affected and pedantic.* The character of Alexius is not displayed with all its vices and virtues, but is concealed under a continual strain of eulogium. But although Anna Comnena has been justly blamed for this prejudiced and injudicious display of partiality to the memory of Alexius, yet competent and unbiassed judges have united in praise of her talents and learning. She makes many just and important remarks. "The disorders of the times," she says, in a passage translated by Gibbon, "were the misfortune and glory of Alexius; and every calamity which can afflict a declining empire was accumulated on his reign, by the justice of Heaven and the vices of his predecessors." The Turks had carried their victorious arms from Persia to the Hellespont; and Italy was nearly subjected by

* Something must be allowed for the fashionable style of the day, which had lost every particle of that high simplicity which distinguished the early Greek writers.—Ed.

the valour of the Normans: new swarms of half-civilized warriors, improving daily in the art of war, were poured forth from the North, while the frontiers were assailed by fierce and fanatical enemies. The palace was a constant scene of treason and conspiracy; and, in the midst of these various calamities, the banner of the cross was displayed by the Latins, and Alexius saw his territories inundated with potent chiefs and strange nations. According to the account of his daughter, he was often insulted by the Crusaders; many of the higher chieftains concealed what they felt, on public or on private views, but a French baron (supposed to be Robert of Paris) offended the Eastern emperor, by ascending the steps of his throne, and placing himself by the side of Alexius. Being reproved by one of the principal leaders, he exclaimed, "Who is this villain, that keeps his seat while so many valiant captains are standing round him?" Alexius, however, concealed the anger which such conduct might well provoke, and affected to look upon the act as a mistake. Before the departure of the pilgrims, the emperor caused inquiries to be made concerning the name and station of the insolent Frank. "I am a Frenchman," replied Robert, "of the purest and most ancient nobility of my country; there is a church in my neighbourhood, the resort of those who are desirous of proving their valour in single combat: that church I have frequently visited, but never have I found an antagonist who dared to accept my challenge." The monarch sought no revenge; but there is reason to believe that the bold Frenchman fell soon after in the holy war.

Very few of the great leaders of Western Europe seem to have impressed the Princess Anna with any great admiration or respect, and yet historians have not been without a suspicion that her frequent vituperation of Boemond of Tarentum originated in disappointed love.

In regard to the whole conduct of Alexius during the Crusades, and in all the other acts of his life recorded by Anna Comnena, their pretended perfection is evidently the offspring of prepossession. Her history is copious, erudite, and beautiful in style, and, in all respects, a wonderful production for a female writer; but there is much reason to fear that truth, which alone gives real value to such works, may be wanting. Either from imperfect knowledge, or from blind partiality, she represents Alexius as nearly a perfect being; while, on the contrary, there is no term too opprobrious to be applied to him, if the French contemporary writers are to be believed. Raimond d'Agile says, "We arrived at Durazzo, and considered ourselves as in our own country, looking upon the Emperor Alexius and his people as brothers and co-operators; but we found them cruel as lions, attacking peaceable men, who thought of nothing less than using their arms: they massacred them in private places, forests, and villages, at a distance from the camp, and inflicted every outrage upon them during the whole night. In the mean time, their chief was promising peace. Even during the truce, they murdered Pons Renaud, and mortally wounded his brother Peter, two princes of the highest consideration." It would be endless to quote such passages, so numerous are they; and we cannot help

thinking that there must have been sufficient foundation for such accusations, to invalidate the laudatory history given by Anna Comnena.

It is evident that Alexius, though he might have the most upright intentions, could not adhere, upon all occasions, to any unvarying line of policy towards the Crusaders; he was obliged to yield to circumstances, and acted very differently towards the undisciplined and ferocious multitude which accompanied Peter the Hermit, and the more polished princes and warriors who followed. He fluctuated long, it would seem, between hope and fear, between timidity and courage; and often resorted to a crooked policy, which he mistook for wisdom; but it is not by any means plain that he maliciously conspired against the life or honour of the French nobles; and, in regard to the unruly bands which followed Peter, it was scarcely possible for Alexius to prevent, or, perhaps, to deplore, their destruction. The troops of Godfrey and his peers, though of a very superior caste, were equally objects of his suspicion; their motives *might* be pure and pious, but he was ignorant of the character of the Transalpine chiefs, and his suspicions had been raised by the ambition of Bohemond, who had long been too near him as a neighbour to be valued as a friend.

Anna Comnena lived several years after the death of her father and her husband, but from the period of the latter's decease her active existence may be said to have been at an end; and she died at an advanced age, so far forgotten, that much dubiety exists in regard to the year of her death.

END OF VOL. I.